

Wigand's  
POCKET MISCELLANY.

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VOLUME II.



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GOETTINGEN:

GEORGE H. WIGAND.

1853.







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**VOLUME II.**



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**GEORGE H. WIGAND.**

**1853.**



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NOTICE II



1877/78

GEORGE H. WILSON

1878



## **An das Publicum!**

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Die allgemein günstige Aufnahme, sowohl von Seiten der gesammten Presse, als des Publicums, mit welcher der erste Band dieser Auswahl englischer Lectüre aufgenommen wurde, ist der beste Beweis, wie zeitgemäss dieses Unternehmen war.

Der Herausgeber hat den Inhalt des zweiten Bandes mit derselben Sorgfalt ausgewählt, wie den des ersten und die möglichste Aufmerksamkeit darauf verwandt, den Englisch Studirenden, sowie dem Englisch lesenden Publicum überhaupt, eine reiche und gute Auswahl unterhaltenden und belehrenden Lesestoffes zugänglich zu machen.

Der billige Preis bei guter Ausstattung berechtigt den Herausgeber zu der Hoffnung, dass diese Sammlung sich auch ferner einer allgemeinen Theilnahme erfreuen werde.

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## Urtheile der Presse.

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Wir glauben auf diese englischen Lesestücke die Aufmerksamkeit der Lehrer deshalb besonders lenken zu müssen, weil sie einem häufig gefühlten Bedürfnisse bei dem Unterrichte abzuhelpen geeignet sind. Nicht selten wird für die Schüler ein umfangreiches Werk, z. B. ein Roman von Scott oder Cooper, zur Lectüre ausgewählt. In einem solchen Falle ermüdet nur zu leicht die Ausdauer und die Lust der jungen Leute, weil vielleicht ein ganzes Halbjahr oder noch länger darüber hingeht, ehe das Buch von Anfang bis zu Ende durchlesen ist. Die Lesestücke dieser Sammlung sind dagegen kurz und von mannigfachem Inhalt. Das Interesse des Schülers wird also durch baldige Bewältigung eines Stückes und die Abwechslung des Stoffes rege erhalten. Alle Aufsätze sind aus der Feder geachteter Autoren geflossen. Druck und Papier lassen Nichts zu wünschen übrig.

Hannoversche Zeitung.

Wir haben einige der Schilderungen und Aufsätze mit wahrem Vergnügen gelesen und können diese Sammlung allen Denen, die in englischer Sprache Unterhaltung oder auch Belehrung suchen, als eine gute Lectüre empfehlen.

Die typographische Ausstattung reiht sich würdig seinen englischen Vorbildern an.

Magazin f. d. L. d. A.



So weit wir aus dem ersten Bande ansehen können, wird diese Sammlung ein ergänzendes Seitenstück zu den bekannten bei Tauchnitz erscheinenden Englischen Werken bilden. Einen besonderen Vorzug wird sie noch dadurch erhalten, dass sie auch passende Stücke aus der neuesten Amerikanischen Literatur mittheilt. Die Ausstattung ist vorzüglich, und der Preis von 10 Sgr. für den Band sehr billig.

Ostsee-Zeitung.

Diese Sammlung soll Deutschland mit dem Besten bekannt machen, was in England und Amerika von leichter Lektüre und kleinerem Umfang erscheint. Bei guter Auswahl ist das Unternehmen löblich und zeitgemäss, denn man lernt dadurch einen Zweig der Englischen Literatur kennen, welcher uns sonst entgeht, da die Journale und Magazine jenes Landes, noch mehr die Amerikas auf dem Continente nur Wenigen zugänglich sind. Eine solche Auslese wird namentlich Denen, welche sich in der Sprache fortbilden wollen, sehr willkommen sein und so lässt sich nur wünschen, dass bei der Zusammenstellung auch ferner mit Sorgfalt zu Werke gegangen werde. Aachener Zeitung.

Diese schön ausgestattete und billige Sammlung wird viele Freunde finden, dieselbe eignet sich auch für höhere Klassen von Gymnasien und Realschulen, in denen man nicht immer Klassiker, sondern auch dergleichen vermischte Schriften lesen sollte, in welchen sich die edlere Umgangssprache abspiegelt.

Göttingische gel. Anzeigen.

Es gehört zu den erfreulichsten cultur-geschichtlichen Erscheinungen, dass das Studium der engl. Sprache und Literatur in Deutschland wie das der deutschen in England mit



jedem Jahre zunimmt und gediegener wird. Das enorme Glück, welches die Tauchnitz'schen Ausgaben der englischen Autoren machten, liefert den schlagendsten Beweis, wie populär die engl. Dichter am Rhein, Elbe und Weser sind. Nicht als Concurrrenz-, sondern als Ergänzungs-Unternehmen ist jetzt in Göttingen eine Reihe von Bänden (zu 10 Sgr.) als W. P. M. eröffnet, welche vorzugsweise dem Englisch lernenden, wie Englisch lesenden Publicum eine Auswahl neuen belehrenden und unterhaltenden Stoffes bieten will. Die Auswahl im ersten Bande enthält eine recht mannigfaltige Reihe leichter Unterhaltungsstücke. Kölnische Ztg.

Unter obigem Titel wird dem Publicum der Anfang einer Sammlung dargeboten, welche das steigende Verlangen nach leichter, billiger und zugleich unterhaltender, wie belehrender englischer Lectüre befriedigen soll.

Der erste Band entspricht diesem im Vorworte gegebenen Versprechen vollkommen.

Zur Empfehlung gereicht es der Sammlung, dass sie auch die Productionen der neuesten amerikanischen Literatur berücksichtigt.

Atlantis.

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# CHARITY AND HUMOR.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

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A Lecture written and delivered for the benefit of a Ladies Charitable Association in New-York in the spring of 1853.

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Several charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end, which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place — and which you are all abetting, the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the



sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and goodwill towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbours, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing, they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbours. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce, and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has



this of good in it that its fruits are good: a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the Literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe, or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the bene-



faction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear: "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humor: I think, it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world — that sweet friendliness, which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even



though there may not be a single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and can not be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Lawrence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's court-yard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away you drivelling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and are misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefèvre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to ad-



mire benevolence, and sympathize with honor; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I do not love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race — the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally, for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the *Journal to Stella*, a sick child, to be sure — a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox — but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a court intrigue, in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man. Tisdall, who loved her and of whom Swift speaks in a letter to this lady, in language so foul, that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one, I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins with so little charity to cover them!



Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies, than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and goodwill for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked — more so than any man of his age, almost; and to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon; we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private, he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may



be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him, as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand and use the noble English word, "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbour; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of, is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me — I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, can not venture to express an opinion of my own — that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connection between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Foggy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but



be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a by-gone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him. A courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag. A politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defense of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen, books bring us any mention of. I mean *our* books (not books of history, but books of humor). I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed



of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentlemanlike action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling-Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women; a kiss for all children; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched-battles. He took away comedy from behind the



fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common-life ever since Steele's and Addison's time; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbour, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote; children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld, than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Doctor Harrison's in Amelia, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read; we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still — of love and beauty, of frankness,



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GEORGE H. WILSON

1853



## **An das Publicum!**

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Die allgemein günstige Aufnahme, sowohl von Seiten der gesammten Presse, als des Publicums, mit welcher der erste Band dieser Auswahl englischer Lectüre aufgenommen wurde, ist der beste Beweis, wie zeitgemäss dieses Unternehmen war.

Der Herausgeber hat den Inhalt des zweiten Bandes mit derselben Sorgfalt ausgewählt, wie den des ersten und die möglichste Aufmerksamkeit darauf verwandt, den Englisch Studirenden, sowie dem Englisch lesenden Publicum überhaupt, eine reiche und gute Auswahl unterhaltenden und belehrenden Lesestoffes zugänglich zu machen.

Der billige Preis bei guter Ausstattung berechtigt den Herausgeber zu der Hoffnung, dass diese Sammlung sich auch ferner einer allgemeinen Theilnahme erfreuen werde.

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## Urtheile der Presse.

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Wir glauben auf diese englischen Lesestücke die Aufmerksamkeit der Lehrer deshalb besonders lenken zu müssen, weil sie einem häufig gefühlten Bedürfnisse bei dem Unterrichte abzuhelpen geeignet sind. Nicht selten wird für die Schüler ein umfangreiches Werk, z. B. ein Roman von Scott oder Cooper, zur Lectüre ausgewählt. In einem solchen Falle ermüdet nur zu leicht die Ausdauer und die Lust der jungen Leute, weil vielleicht ein ganzes Halbjahr oder noch länger darüber hingeht, ehe das Buch von Anfang bis zu Ende durchlesen ist. Die Lesestücke dieser Sammlung sind dagegen kurz und von mannigfachem Inhalt. Das Interesse des Schülers wird also durch baldige Bewältigung eines Stückes und die Abwechslung des Stoffes rege erhalten. Alle Aufsätze sind aus der Feder geachteter Autoren geflossen. Druck und Papier lassen Nichts zu wünschen übrig.

Hannoversche Zeitung.

Wir haben einige der Schilderungen und Aufsätze mit wahrem Vergnügen gelesen und können diese Sammlung allen Denen, die in englischer Sprache Unterhaltung oder auch Belehrung suchen, als eine gute Lectüre empfehlen.

Die typographische Ausstattung reiht sich würdig seinen englischen Vorbildern an.

Magazin f. d. L. d. A.



So weit wir aus dem ersten Bande ansehen können, wird diese Sammlung ein ergänzendes Seitenstück zu den bekannten bei Tauchnitz erscheinenden Englischen Werken bilden. Einen besonderen Vorzug wird sie noch dadurch erhalten, dass sie auch passende Stücke aus der neuesten Amerikanischen Literatur mittheilt. Die Ausstattung ist vorzüglich, und der Preis von 10 Sgr. für den Band sehr billig.

Ostsee-Zeitung.

Diese Sammlung soll Deutschland mit dem Besten bekannt machen, was in England und Amerika von leichter Lektüre und kleinerem Umfang erscheint. Bei guter Auswahl ist das Unternehmen löblich und zeitgemäss, denn man lernt dadurch einen Zweig der Englischen Literatur kennen, welcher uns sonst entgeht, da die Journale und Magazine jenes Landes, noch mehr die Amerikas auf dem Continente nur Wenigen zugänglich sind. Eine solche Auslese wird namentlich Denen, welche sich in der Sprache fortbilden wollen, sehr willkommen sein und so lässt sich nur wünschen, dass bei der Zusammenstellung auch ferner mit Sorgfalt zu Werke gegangen werde. Aachener Zeitung.

Diese schön ausgestattete und billige Sammlung wird viele Freunde finden, dieselbe eignet sich auch für höhere Klassen von Gymnasien und Realschulen, in denen man nicht immer Klassiker, sondern auch dergleichen vermischte Schriften lesen sollte, in welchen sich die edlere Umgangssprache abspiegelt. Göttingische gel. Anzeigen.

Es gehört zu den erfreulichsten cultur-geschichtlichen Erscheinungen, dass das Studium der engl. Sprache und Literatur in Deutschland wie das der deutschen in England mit



jedem Jahre zunimmt und gediegener wird. Das enorme Glück, welches die Tauchnitz'schen Ausgaben der englischen Autoren machten, liefert den schlagendsten Beweis, wie populär die engl. Dichter am Rhein, Elbe und Weser sind. Nicht als Concurrenz-, sondern als Ergänzungs-Unternehmen ist jetzt in Göttingen eine Reihe von Bänden (zu 10 Sgr.) als W. P. M. eröffnet, welche vorzugsweise dem Englisch lernenden, wie Englisch lesenden Publicum eine Auswahl neuen belehrenden und unterhaltenden Stoffes bieten will. Die Auswahl im ersten Bande enthält eine recht mannigfaltige Reihe leichter Unterhaltungsstücke. Kölnische Ztg.

Unter obigem Titel wird dem Publicum der Anfang einer Sammlung dargeboten, welche das steigende Verlangen nach leichter, billiger und zugleich unterhaltender, wie belehrender englischer Lectüre befriedigen soll.

Der erste Band entspricht diesem im Vorworte gegebenen Versprechen vollkommen.

Zur Empfehlung gereicht es der Sammlung, dass sie auch die Productionen der neuesten amerikanischen Literatur berücksichtigt.

Atlantis.

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# CHARITY AND HUMOR.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

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A Lecture written and delivered for the benefit of a Ladies Charitable Association in New-York in the spring of 1853.

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Several charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end, which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place — and which you are all abetting, the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the



sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and goodwill towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbours, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing, they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbours. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce, and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has



this of good in it that its fruits are good: a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the Literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe, or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the bene-



faction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, for ever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear: "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humor: I think, it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world — that sweet friendliness, which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even



though there may not be a single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and can not be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Lawrence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's court-yard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away you drivelling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and are misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefèvre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to ad-



mire benevolence, and sympathize with honor; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I do not love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race — the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally, for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the *Journal to Stella*, a sick child, to be sure — a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox — but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a court intrigue, in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man. Tisdall, who loved her and of whom Swift speaks in a letter to this lady, in language so foul, that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one, I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins with so little charity to cover them!



Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies, than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and goodwill for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked — more so than any man of his age, almost; and to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon; we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private, he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may



be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him, as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand and use the noble English word, "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbour; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of, is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me — I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, can not venture to express an opinion of my own — that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connection between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Foggy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but



be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a by-gone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him. A courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag. A politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defense of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen, books bring us any mention of. I mean *our* books (not books of history, but books of humor). I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed



of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentlemanlike action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling-Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women; a kiss for all children; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched-battles. He took away comedy from behind the



fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common-life ever since Steele's and Addison's time; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbour, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote; children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld, than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Doctor Harrison's in Amelia, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read; we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still — of love and beauty, of frankness,



and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succour gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled, and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the grooms-man's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good; these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humor over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly — what call is there for me to speak? In this place and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "*bonne Vieille*," the "*Soldats au pas, au pas*;" with tears rolling down their mustaches. At



a Burns's Festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks: while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbors; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities. Of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy-queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humor, and especially modern popular humor, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In



our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece, in which a wicked aristocrat is not be-pummelled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the Mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unveiled by a gentleman, who I suspect knows about as much about the court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George the Fourth, our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history: George the Fourth was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many, many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since, I went to two penny-theatres in London; immense eager crowds of people, thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked lord kicked out of the window — there is always a wicked lord kicked out of the window. First piece: — "Domestic drama — Thrilling interest! — Weaver's family in distress! — Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves! — Enter Wicked Lord: tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Suppers, and Coach to ride in! — Enter sturdy Blacksmith. — Scuffle



between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion: exit Wicked Lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain Earls and Magistrates towards the people. Two wicked lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck-trowsers and Berlin cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eye-glass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a press-gang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behaviour: "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pocket, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked lord to the right, wicked lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marline spike, with which — whack! whack! down goes wicked lord, No. 1 — wicked lord, No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after. — Popular fun is always kind: it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is Little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well! Their Lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased; his audiences are



enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivalled pen commenced to delight the world with its humor. We have among us other literary parties; we have Punch, as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also — it must be said, and it is still to be hoped — a Vanity-Fair party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London Times newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good any where, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I can't help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that fault must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that Love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind English Humorists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt," which Punch first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks



and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you, all of you, know, of the "Bridge of Sighs," who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us so nobly?

I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them): — I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here, and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's, which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from



having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas-turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who when she is happy reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is tired reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is in bed reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she has nothing to do reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book reads Nicholas Nickleby over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said: "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" — and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember when that famous Nicholas Nickleby came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's illadvised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the north." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dothe-



boys-Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor school-masters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly; but afterward school-boys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crumles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good-humor! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for Nicholas Nickleby.

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller! Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris. Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it — I speak with awe and reverence — a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed



task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share and say a Benediction for the meal.

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## THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

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Maria Letizia Ramolini, the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was descended from a noble Italian family, and was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 24th of August, 1750. Being possessed of great personal attractions, she was married at an early age to Carlo Bonaparte or Buonaparte, an advocate, the descendant of an Italian family as noble as her own, which had settled in Corsica in the sixteenth century. In January, 1768, she gave birth to her eldest son Guiseppe (Joseph), who became king of Naples, and subsequently of Spain and the Indies.

At the time of the marriage of Carlo Bonaparte to Maria Letizia Ramolini, the island of Corsica was the scene of war and tumult. The people, under their celebrated leader Pascal Paoli, had struggled for several years to assert their independence of the Genoese Republic; and, having baffled that enemy, they had now to contend with the king of France, to whom Genoa had made over her claims, as if a nation had been a piece of merchandise liable to be bartered from one hand to another. Carlo Bonaparte was the friend and zealous co-patriot of Paoli, and had distinguished himself in the war against the Genoese. In 1768, when an army of 5000 French landed for the purpose of reducing the island, the most of the considerable families in Ajaccio, including that of Bonaparte, found it necessary



to fly to the mountainous country in the interior, where for some time they made a bold resistance, though ultimately obliged to submit. Madame Bonaparte accompanied her husband during the whole progress of this irregular warfare; the existence of her second and most remarkable child appears to have commenced amidst the hardships and wild adventures of a mountain campaign. When the island was finally settled under French rule, in June, 1769, she returned with her husband to their house in Ajaccio, which is described as one of handsome appearance, "forming one side of a court which leads out of the Rue Charles." On the 15th August, being the festival of the Assumption, she attended high-mass, but, finding herself unable to sit out the ceremony, hastened home, and no preparations being made for her reception, she gave birth to her son upon an old piece of tapestry representing a scene from the *Iliad*. It has been reported that Paoli was the godfather of the child thus brought into the world; but that hero had ere now quitted the island and taken refuge in England. His godfathers were Laurent Giubeya and Celtruda Bonaparte, and he received the name of Napolione, which had been introduced into the paternal house some generations before. It was considered a fortunate circumstance by his friends, in after-life, that he was born subsequently to June, 1769, when the island was annexed to France, as though by nation and language an Italian, he thus became a born citizen of the country which he was afterwards to rule.

The subsequent children of Madame Bonaparte were Mariana (Marie Anne Elisa),\*) who became Grand-Duchess

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\*) The names of the Bonaparte family are here given in their original Italian forms, while the French modifications afterwards adopted by them follow within parentheses.



of Tuscany; Luciano (Lucien), Prince of Canino; Paoletta (Marie Paulette), afterwards Madame Leclerc, and finally Princess Borghese and Duchess of Guastalla; Luigi (Louis), who became king of Holland, but renounced the crown rather than become the oppressor of his subjects; Annunziata (Annonciade Caroline), afterwards Madame Murat and Queen of the two Sicilies; Girolana (Jerome), afterwards king of Westphalia. The family became in time reconciled to the French government, and obtained the friendship of the governor, of the island, the Count de Marboeuf, by whose interest Carlo Bonaparte was included in a deputation of the Corsican nobles,\*) sent to Louis XVI. in 1776. His conduct on this occasion obtained for him the office of assessor of the tribunal of Ajaccio, the income of which enabled him to maintain his increasing family, which the smallness of his patrimony, and some habits of expense, would otherwise have rendered difficult. During a subsequent journey to France as one of a deputation of Corsican nobles, he was attacked by schirrus in the stomach, and breathed his last at Montpellier, February, 1785, in the house of the father of Madame Junot, leaving his family, the youngest of whom was only two months old, entirely unprovided for.

The duty of rearing a number of young children upon the resources of a poor widow, fell to the subject of this memoir, and was performed by her in a creditable manner. The Count de Marboeuf had provided for Napoleon by placing him at the Military School of Brienne, from which he had already been removed to Paris, to complete his education in the general school there. Her daughter Ma-

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\*) The nobles of Corsica were individuals who had never been in trade; but the family of Carlo Bonaparte was of the higher order of nobility.



riana was also brought up by the government at St. Cyr. The life of Madame Bonaparte was one of poverty until the elevation of her son; but before that period she was destined to encounter adventures not less singular than those which she had experienced during the struggle for Corsican independence. In 1792, Paoli was sent by the French government to take the military command of Corsica; but being unfavorable to the progress of Jacobin principles, he soon became exposed to the resentment of his constituents, and projected the surrender of the island to a British fleet. Napoleon, now a captain of artillery in the French service, chanced to be in his native island upon leave of absence, and, being strongly opposed upon principle to the design of Paoli, made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to thwart it. Being baffled in an attempt to take Ajaccio out of the hands of Paoli, he and his family were proscribed, and compelled to fly. He took refuge in the mountains, in the disguise of a sailor, and was seized by the country people, but ultimately escaped to Calvi. To escape the fury of the people, Madame Bonaparte made a hurried and midnight flight to the country, carrying her youngest children in her arms, when fatigue had unfitted them for walking. In her wanderings, she crossed torrents and mountains, penetrated intricate forests, and had to trust herself to frail boats, before she reached Calvi, where she and her children found protection from the same Giubeya who had been godfather to Napoleon. From Calvi she obtained a passage to Marseilles, where she remained in great poverty for several years, chiefly indebted for the means of subsistence to a few individuals who had known her in better days. After Napoleon had become commander-in-chief in Italy, she returned to Corsica, which had then been restored to French dominion.



Soon after the famous 18th Brumaire (November 9, 1799), when her son dissolved the directorial government in France, and became First Consul, Madame Bonaparte removed to Paris, in order to share in the prosperity which had befallen her family. For some time, however, she seems to have chiefly depended upon the protection of her eldest son Joseph. She accompanied that individual on an embassy to the Roman republic, and, after his return, resided in his house in the Rue du Rocher at Paris. Though profoundly sensible of the greatness of her second son, she cherished no exclusive partiality for him. When Lucien and Jerome had offended him, the one by his intractable ambition, and the other by his youthful follies, the mother took their part, and endeavored to protect them, by which conduct she caused Napoleon for some time to regard her with coldness. When the former, by marrying Madame Jouberton, of evil reputation, had thoroughly incensed the aspiring First Consul, and was obliged to retire to Rome, Madame Bonaparte forsook the capital, then resounding with the rejoicings for Napoleon's assumption of the imperial dignity, and followed her younger and less fortunate child, in order to minister to his consolation. The emperor was so much incensed by her conduct, that, in his first distribution of titles to the members of his family, he omitted all notice of his mother. Better feelings soon after resuming their place, he recalled her to Paris, and conferred upon her the dignity of a princess of the imperial family, under the title of Madame Mère, with a pension of 80,000 livres, making her at the same time protectress-general of charitable establishments. The subject of our memoir now took possession of an elegant hotel in the Rue St. Dominique, which had been furnished in the most sumptuous manner by Lucien. She assumed the style of a princess, in a spirit of modesty which elicited



general approbation. She never allowed herself to be in the least puffed up by the grandeur and historical eminence to which her name had attained, but, when four of her sons were kings, and her income was advanced to 1,000,000 of francs, she saved the greater portion of it, for the purpose of assisting such members of her family as were less fortunate, or as a provision against the evil days which she feared, amidst all their magnificence, would ultimately befall her children.

A very pleasing portrait of her, in reference to this period of her life, has been presented by Madame Junot, Duchess of Abrantes, who was a maid of honor in her household, and had known her many years before, when their respective families were upon a level in point of rank. "At the time Madame was made Madame Mère," says the duchess, "she might be about fifty-three or fifty-four years of age; she had been perfectly beautiful in her youth; all her daughters except Madame Bacciochi (Mariana) resembled her, and gave a good idea of what her beauty had been.\*)" Her stature was that most agreeable in woman, about five feet one inch; but as she grew older, her shoulders increased in breadth, which diminished her apparent height, though her carriage always continued firm and dignified. Her feet and hands were still perfectly symmetrical; her feet, especially, were the most remarkably small and beautifully formed I had ever seen. A defect in her right hand was conspicuous in one otherwise so pretty — the forefinger did not bend: in consequence of an ill-performed operation, the nerve had been cut; and this stiffness had a singular effect when she played at cards. At this period,

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\*) In another work by the duchess, *Lives and Portraits of the Women of all Countries*, there is a likeness of Madame Bonaparte, which forcibly recalls the features of Napoleon.



her teeth were still perfect, and, like all the Bonapartes, her smile was charming, her countenance lively, piercing, and very intelligent. Her eyes were small, and very black; but their expression was never ill-natured, which is more than can be said for some of her children. Madame was very nice in her person, and paid especial attention to dressing always conformably to her age and situation. She wore the handsomest stuffs of the season, and criticism itself could find no fault in the style in which they were made up. She made, in short, a very respectable appearance; much more so than some princes and princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty. The great inconvenience to which Madame's situation exposed her, and I acknowledge it was very considerable, arose from her timidity and want of fluency in the French language: in using the term timidity, I mean to express that Madame felt really timid in presence of persons who were presented to her, and whose sarcastic observations she apprehended. She possessed great tact and acuteness of judgment; she saw with a glance the disposition of the persons who approached her, and she knew, before they left the room, what she had to expect. . . . Madame led a very retired life; perhaps it was wrong, but the fault was not hers. The emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this; but, too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude, to putting herself in contact either with the empress, or with any of the persons who surrounded the emperor. How frequently have I been shocked by the conduct of many of these persons! The ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New Year's Day; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with



the forms of ceremony and etiquette which were suited to her station, except the Duke de Gaëta. But she possessed no influence; and the frequenters of a court possess a marvellous acuteness in deciphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle." It appears that any coldness which could be said to exist between Napoleon and his mother arose from her partiality for Lucien, whose abilities and intractable spirit afforded the emperor constant uneasiness.

When we cast our thoughts over the history of this extraordinary woman, we are impressed in much the same manner as by one of those plays which, in different acts, represent the fortunes of an individual at different periods of his life. In 1793, we see her a houseless and proscribed exile, wandering with her children in her arms through a wild country, and indebted to friends for the means of subsistence. Six years after, we find her conspicuous as the mother of the head of a mighty state. In fifteen years from the period of her greatest depression, the civilized world has become an appanage to her children; one of her sons is emperor of France and king of Italy, another is king of Spain and the Indies, a third king of Holland, and a fourth king of Westphalia; one of her daughters is queen of the two Sicilies, another grand-duchess of Tuscany, a third the wife of a Roman noble. Her brother is at the same time a cardinal. *In five years more*, all has passed away, like a painted scene in some fictitious spectacle; herself and her children are proscribed in the country where they reared all their greatness, and become once more fugitives — almost outcasts.

On the dispersion of the Bonapartes in 1814, Madame Mère retired with her brother Fesh to Rome, where her fortune enabled her to live in a style not unworthy of the



more brilliant past, and to afford succor to such of her family as were in distressed circumstances. She occupied a handsome palace on the Corso, where she saw few besides her brother and her daughter, the Princess Borghese, the exceptions being chiefly distinguished strangers who desired the honor of being introduced to her. One of her most intimate friends, not of her own family, was the Duke of Hamilton, for whom she entertained a considerable partiality. The miseries which befell her most distinguished son in his latter years, and his death, gave her the most poignant affliction; and she is said to have expressed the deepest concern respecting the restoration of his remains to France. Soon after the revolution of 1830, she became so dangerously ill, that extreme unction was administered to her. "She was in that state," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "which immediately precedes dissolution. Her family stood around her bed. Her brother, her children, and her daughters-in-law, looked upon her, and wept as they perceived her praying; for they were but too well acquainted with the particular feeling, which, in her dying bosom, absorbed every other. The Prince of Montford (Jerome), having been detained by the arrival of a courier from France, had not yet joined this solemn family meeting. Scarcely had he read in the Paris papers an account of the decree which would have done honor to the French nation had it been executed, when he ran to his mother's palace, entered her bedchamber, and gently approaching the bed: "Mother," said he, in a whisper, "do you hear me?" She made a sign in the affirmative.

"Well, the chamber has, just issued a decree for the replacing of the emperor's statue on the top of the column."

"Madame Mère made no reply, but something extraordinary seemed passing within her. She clasped her hands



— her eyes continued closed—she was evidently praying — and big tears rolled down her cheeks! They were tears of joy! An hour after she received this intelligence, she asked for some broth, and in two days quitted her bed. The effect produced upon her by this circumstance,” concludes the duchess, writing in 1833, “may give some idea of her feelings at finding no end to the anathema cast upon the cold and senseless clay of her son. Ought not the tears of this venerable mother, now eighty-three years of age, to soften the hearts of those who have no longer any cause to tremble before the hero’s bones and might display their generosity at so very little cost?”

In her latter days Madame Bonaparte became extremely infirm, chiefly in consequence of a fall at the villa of her daughter Paulette, and the most of her time, both by night and day, was spent upon a couch. She also lost the use of her eyes. To quote the not unworthy account of her last moments, which was given in a newspaper obituary: “A lady constantly watched by her side, and M. Robaglia her secretary, once an officer in the Old Guard, used to read the journals to the august invalid, speak to her of France, and make her live again in the times gone by. Her appearance gave a painful impression to the few visitors who were admitted to her palace: her frame had become so attenuated that life seemed extinct; and yet, at the name of France, of the emperor, of her children, the octogenarian lady revived; there seemed to be thrones still around her, there was still a powerful voice on her lips, and the lightning of Napoleon’s look in her eyes. Ever since the fall of the emperor, the mother, whose children had mounted so many thrones, had received no other news from her family than those of mourning. The last blow that struck her was the death of the Princess de Montford,



to whom she was particularly attached. Few women have had so many favors of fortune heaped upon them, and few have had to drink more deeply the dregs of the cup of misfortune. On the 27th of January, she fell into a cold stupor that alarmed her devoted friends. Cardinal Fesch, her brother, was summoned; a slight amelioration took place after two or three days; the sacraments were, however, administered; her malady returned with redoubled violence on the 1st of February (1836), and on the second she expired, retaining her faculties to the last, and sinking to rest calmly and peaceably. She, the woman who had produced Napoleon, died in solitude and in exile, but at the foot of the Capitol."

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## VISIT TO A COPPER-MINE.

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BY W. WILKIE COLLINS.

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We left the Land's End, feeling that our homeward journey had now begun from that point; and, walking northward, about five miles along the coast, arrived at Botallack, which contains the most extraordinary copper-mine in Cornwall. Having heard that there was some disinclination in Cornwall to allow strangers to go down the mines, we had provided ourselves, through the kindness of a friend, with a proper letter of introduction, in case of emergency. We were told to go to the counting-house to present our credentials; and on our road thither, beheld the buildings and machinery of the mine, literally stretching down the precipitous face of the cliff, from the land at the top, to the sea at the bottom.

This sight was striking and extraordinary. Here, we beheld a scaffolding perched on a rock that rose out of the waves — there, a steampump was at work raising gallons of water from the mine every minute, on a mere ledge of land, half-way down the steep-cliff side. Chains, pipes, conduits, protruded in all directions from the precipice; rotten-looking wooden platforms, running over deep chasms, supported great beams of timber and heavy coils of cable; crazy little boarded-houses were built, where gulls' nests



might have been found in other places. There did not appear to be a foot of level space anywhere, for any part of the works of the mine to stand upon; and yet, there they were, fulfilling all the purposes for which they had been constructed, as safely and completely on rocks in the sea, and down precipices on the land, as if they had been cautiously founded on the tracts of smooth, solid ground above!

The counting-house was built on a projection of earth about midway between the top of the cliff and the sea. When we got there, the agent, to whom our letter was addressed, was absent; but his place was supplied by two miners, who came out to receive us; and to one of them we mentioned our recommendation, and modestly hinted a wish to go down the mine forthwith.

But our new friend was not a person who did anything in a hurry. He was a grave, courteous, and rather melancholy man, of great stature and strength. He looked on us with a benevolent, paternal expression, and appeared to think that we were nothing like strong enough, or cautious enough, to be trusted down the mine. "Did we know," he urged, "that it was dangerous work?" "Yes, but we did not mind danger!" "Perhaps we were not aware that we should perspire profusely, and be dead-tired getting up and down the ladders?" "Very likely; but we did not mind that, either!" "Surely we should not like to strip, and put on miners' clothes?" "Yes, we should, of all things!" and, pulling off coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, on the spot, we stood half-undressed already, just as the big miner was proposing another objection, which, under existing circumstances, he good-naturedly changed into a speech of acquiescence. "Very well, gentlemen," said he, taking up two suits of miners' clothes; "I see you are determined to



go down; and so you shall! You will be wet through with the heat and the work before you come up again: so just put on these things, and keep your own clothes dry."

The clothing consisted of a flannel shirt, flannel drawers, canvas trowsers, and a canvas jacket — all stained of a tawny copper color; but all quite clean. A white night-cap and a round hat, composed of some iron-hard substance, well calculated to protect the head from any loose stones that might fall on it, completed the equipment; to which three tallow-candles were afterward added — two to hang at the button-hole, one to carry in the hand.

My friend was dressed first. He had got a suit which fitted him tolerably, and which, as far as appearances went, made a regular miner of him at once. Far different was my case.

The same mysterious dispensation of fate, which always awards tall wives to short men, decreed that a suit of the big miner's should be reserved for me. He stood six feet two inches — I stand five feet six inches. I put on his flannel shirt — it fell down to my toes, like a bed-gown; his drawers — and they flowed in Turkish luxuriance over my feet. At his trowsers I helplessly stopped short, lost in the voluminous recesses of each leg. The big miner, like a good Samaritan as he was, came to my assistance. He put the pocket-button through the waist button-hole, to keep the trowsers up, in the first instance; then, he "hauled taut" the braces (as sailors say), until my waist-band was under my armpits; and then he pronounced that I and my trowsers fitted each other in great perfection. The cuffs of the jacket were next turned up to my elbows — the white nightcap was dragged over my ears — the round hat was jammed down over my eyes. When I add to all this, that I am so near-sighted as to be obliged to



wear spectacles, and that I finished my toilet by putting my spectacles on (knowing that I should see little or nothing without them), nobody, I think, will be astonished to hear that my companion seized his sketch-book, and caricatured me on the spot; and that the grave miner, polite as he was, shook with internal laughter, as I took up my tallow-candles and reported myself ready for a descent into the mine.

We left the counting-house, and ascended the face of the cliff. Then, walked a short distance along the edge, descended a little again, and stopped at a wooden platform built across a deep gully. Here, the miner pulled up a trapdoor, and disclosed a perpendicular ladder leading down to a black hole, like the opening of a chimney. "This is the shaft; I will go down first, to catch you, in case you tumble; follow me, and hold tight!" Saying this, our friend squeezed himself through the trap-door, and we went after him as we had been bidden.

The black hole, when we entered it, proved to be not quite so dark as it had appeared from above. Rays of light occasionally penetrated it through chinks in the outer rock. But, by the time we had got some little way further down, these rays began to fade. Then, just as we seemed to be lowering ourselves into total darkness, we were desired to stand on a narrow landing-place, opposite the ladder, and wait there while the miner went below for a light. He soon reascended to us, bringing not only the light he had promised, but a large lump of damp clay with it. Having lighted our candles, he stuck them against the front of our hats with the clay, in order, as he said, to leave both our hands free to us to use as we liked. Thus strangely accoutred, like Solomon Eagles in the Great Plague, with flame on our heads, we resumed the



descent of the shaft; and now, at last, began to penetrate beneath the surface of the earth in good earnest.

The process of getting down the ladders was not very pleasant. They were all quite perpendicular, the rounds were placed at irregular distances, were many of them much worn away, and were slippery with water and copper-ooze. Add to this, the narrowness of the shaft, the dripping-wet rock, shutting you in, as it were, all round your back and sides against the ladder — the fathomless-looking darkness beneath — the light flaring immediately above you, as if your head was on fire — the voice of the miner below, rumbling away in dull echoes lower and lower into the bowels of the earth — the consciousness that if the rounds of the ladder broke, you might fall down a thousand feet or so of narrow tunnel in a moment — imagine all this, and you may easily realize what are the first impressions produced by a descent into a Cornish mine.

By the time we had got down seventy fathoms, or four hundred and twenty feet of ladders, we stopped at another landing-place, just broad enough to afford standing-room for us three. Here, the miner, pointing to an opening yawning horizontally in the rock at one side of us, said that this was the first gallery from the surface; that we had done with the ladders for the present; and that a little climbing and crawling were now to begin.

Our path was a strange one, as we advanced through the rift. Rough stones of all sizes, holes here, and eminences there, impeded us at every yard. Sometimes, we could walk on in a stooping position — sometimes, we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees. Occasionally, greater difficulties than these presented themselves. Certain parts of the gallery dipped into black, ugly-looking



pits, crossed by thin planks, over which we walked dizzily, a little bewildered by the violent contrast between the flaring light that we carried above us, and the pitch-darkness beneath and before us. One of these places terminated in a sudden rising in the rock, hollowed away below, but surmounted by a narrow, projecting wooden platform, to which it was necessary to climb by cross-beams arranged at wide distances. My companion ascended to this awkward elevation without hesitating; but I came to an "awful pause" before it. Fettered as I was by my Brobdignag jacket and trowsers, I felt a humiliating consciousness that any extraordinary gymnastic exertion was altogether out of my power.

Our friend, the miner, saw my difficulty, and extricated me from it at once, with a promptitude and skill which deserves record. Descending half way by the beams, he clutched with one hand that hinder part of my too voluminous nether garments, which presented the broadest superficies of canvas to his grasp (I hope the delicate reader appreciates the ingenious cleanliness of my periphrasis, when I mention in detail so coarse a subject as trowsers!). Having grappled me thus, he lifted me up in an instant, as easily as a small parcel; then carried me horizontally along the loose boards, like a refractory little boy borne off by the usher to the master's birch; or, considering the candle burning on my hat, and the necessity of elevating my position by as lofty a comparison as I can make — like a flying Mercury with a star on his head; and finally deposited me safely upon my legs again, on the firm rock pathway beyond. "You are but a light and a little man, my son!" says this excellent fellow, snuffing my candle for me before we go on; "only let me lift yon about as I like, and you shall not come to any harm while I am with you!"



Speaking thus, the miner leads us forward again. After we have walked a little further in a crouching position, he calls a halt, makes a seat for us by sticking a piece of old board between the rocky walls of the gallery, and then proceeds to explain the exact subterranean position which we actually occupy.

We are now four hundred yards out, *under the bottom of the sea*; and twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet, below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work, and there are galleries deeper yet, even below that! The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface, at Botallack, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land, but under the sea!

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with flame burning on our heads, and darkness enveloping our limbs — he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes!

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible — a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes, that is *felt* on the ear as well as *heard* by it — a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance — from some far invisible height — a sound unlike any thing that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven — a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we con-



tinue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the very first.

At last, the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation: so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But, when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor — all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no such catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the caverns below.

Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright pure copper streaking the dark ceiling of the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible crannies in the rock. On stormy days it spirts out furiously in thin, continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.



Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and will always remain, untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is part, and a great part, of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea; and which has been so far worked away here, that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pickaxe on any part of it.

This information is rather startling when communicated at a depth of four hundred and twenty feet under ground. We should decidedly have preferred to receive it in the counting-house! It makes us pause for an instant, to the miner's infinite amusement, in the very act of knocking away about an inch of ore from the rock, as a memento of Botallack. Having, however, ventured, on reflection, to assume the responsibility of weakening our defense against the sea by the length and breadth of an inch, we secure our piece of copper, and next proceed to discuss the propriety of descending two hundred and forty feet more of ladders, for the sake of visiting that part of the mine where the men are at work.

Two or three causes concur to make us doubt the wisdom of going lower. There is a hot, moist, sickly vapor floating about us, which becomes more oppressive every moment; we are already perspiring at every pore, as we were told we should, and our hands, faces, jackets, and trowsers, are all more or less covered with a mixture of mud, tallow, and iron-drippings, which we can feel and smell much more accurately than is exactly desirable. We ask the miner what there is to see lower down. He replies, nothing but men breaking ore with pickaxes; the



galleries of the mine are alike, however deep they may go; when you have seen one, you have seen all.

The answer decides us — we determine to get back to the surface.

We returned along the gallery, just as we had advanced, with the same large allowance of scrambling and stumbling on our way. I was charitably carried along and down the platform over the pit by my trowsers, as before: our order of procession only changed when we gained the ladders again. Then, our friend the miner went last instead of first, upon the same principle of being ready to catch us if we fell, which led him to precede us on our descent. Except that one of the rounds cracked under his weight as we went up, we ascended without casualties of any kind. As we neared the mouth of the shaft, the daylight atmosphere looked dazzlingly white, after the darkness in which we had been groping so long; and when we once more stood out on the cliff, we felt a cold, health-giving purity in the sea-breeze, and, at the same time a sense of recovered freedom in the power that we now enjoyed of running, jumping, and stretching our limbs in perfect security and with full space for action, which it was almost a new sensation to experience. Habit teaches us to think little of the light and air that we live and breathe in, or, at most, to view them only as the ordinary conditions of our being. To find out that they are more than this, that they are a luxury as well as a necessity of life, go down into a mine, and compare what you *can* exist in there, with what you *do* exist in, on upper earth!

On re-entering the counting-house, we were greeted by the welcome appearance of two large tubs of water, with soap and flannel placed invitingly by their sides.



Copious ablutions and clean clothes, are potent restorers of muscular energy. These, and a half hour of repose, enabled us to resume our knapsacks as briskly as ever, and walk on fifteen miles to the town of St. Ives — our resting-place for the night.

Serious accidents are rare in the mines of Cornwall. From the horrors of such explosions as take place in coal-mines, they are by their nature entirely free. The casualties that oftenest occur are serious falls, generally produced by the carelessness of inexperienced, or foolhardy people. Of these, and of extraordinary escapes from death with which they are associated, many anecdotes are told in mining districts which would appear to the reader exaggerated, or positively untrue, if I related them on mere hearsay evidence. There was, however, one instance of a fall down the shaft of a mine, unattended with fatal consequences, which occurred while I was in Cornwall; and which I may safely adduce, for I can state some of the facts connected with the affair, as an eye-witness. I attended an examination of the sufferer by a medical man, and heard the story of the accident from the parents of the patient.

On the 7th of August last, a boy fourteen years of age, the son of a miner, slipped into the shaft of Boscawell Down Mine, in the neighbourhood of Penzance. He fell to the depth of thirteen fathoms, or seventy-eight feet. Fifty-eight feet down, he struck his left side against a board placed across the shaft, snapped it in two, and then falling twenty feet more pitched on his head. He was of course taken up insensible; the doctor was sent for; and, on examining him, found to his amazement that there was actually a chance of the boy's recovery after his tremendous fall!



Not a bone in his body was broken. He was bruised and scratched all over, and there were three cuts — none of them serious — on his head. The board stretched across the shaft, twenty feet from the bottom, had saved him from being dashed to pieces; but had inflicted, at the same time, where his left side had struck it, the only injury that appeared dangerous to the medical man — a large, hard lump that could be felt under the bruised skin. The boy showed no symptoms of fever; his pulse, day after day, was found never varying from eighty-two to the minute; his appetite was voracious; and the internal functions of his body only required a little ordinary medicine to keep them properly at work. In short nothing was to be dreaded but the chance of the formation of an abscess in his left side, between the hip and ribs. He had been under medical care exactly one week, when I accompanied the doctor on a visit to him.

The cottage where he lived with his parents, though small, was neat and comfortable. We found him lying in bed, awake. He looked sleepy and lethargic; but his skin was moist and cool; his face displayed neither paleness, nor injury of any kind. He had just eaten a good dinner of rabbit-pie, and was anxious to be allowed to sit up in a chair, and amuse himself by looking out of the window. His left side was first examined. A great circular bruise discolored the skin, over the whole space between the hip and ribs; but on touching it, the doctor discovered that the lump beneath had considerably decreased in size, and was much less hard than it had felt during previous visits. Next, we looked at his back and arms — they were scratched and bruised all over; but nowhere seriously. Lastly, the dressings were taken off his head, and three cuts were disclosed, which even a non-medical



eye could easily perceive to be of no great importance. Such were all the results of a fall of seventy-eight feet!

The boy's father reiterated to me the account of the accident, just as I had already heard it from the doctor. How it happened he said, could only be guessed, for his son had completely forgotten all the circumstances immediately preceding the fall; neither could he communicate any of the sensations which must have attended it. Most probably, he had been sitting dangling his legs idly over the mouth of the shaft, and had so slipped in. But, however the accident really happened, there the sufferer was before us — less seriously hurt than many a lad who has trodden on a piece of orange peel as he was walking along the street.

We left him (humanly speaking) certain of recovery, now that the dangerous lump in his side had begun to decrease. I have since heard from his medical attendant, that in two months from the date of the accident, he was at work again as usual in the mine; at that very part of it too, where his fall had taken place!

As a body of men, the miners are industrious and intelligent; sober and orderly; neither soured by hard work, nor easily depressed by harder privations. No description of personal experiences in the Cornish mines can be fairly concluded, without a collateral testimony to the merits of the Cornish miners — a testimony which I am happy to accord here; and to which my readers would cheerfully add their voices, if they ever felt inclined to test its impartiality by their own experience.

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## HOW TO BE IDOLIZED.

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The hyperbole of being "idolized" was never perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story; for which we are indebted to a French author.

In 1818, the good ship "Dido" left the Mauritius, on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter for coffee and spice with the nabobs of the Sunda Isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed; and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.

Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour and livestock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main-yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascar negro, received orders, one morning, to prepare this bird for dinner; and, once more, the hungry denizens of the state-cabin snuffed up the delicious odor of roast fowl. The captain took a nap, in order to cheat his appetite until dinner-time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian-angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainty.



Suddenly, a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright, with both his hands twisted, convulsively, in the sooty wool that covered his head. What was the matter? Alas! in an ill-starred hour the cook had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife, and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him, in his turn, from attacking the mate; but, at length, peace was restored, the aggressor having apologized for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprang up, and the "Dido" speedily reached Sumatra.

Four years afterward, it happened, one day, that Louis Bergaz was dining at the public table of an English boarding-house at Batavia. Among the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergaz happening to be pronounced distinctly by one of his acquaintances at the opposite side of the table, the oldest of the *savans* looked up from his plate, and asked, quickly:

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?"

"I do."

"Curious enough," said the *savant*, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."



"Have they a god called Bergaz?" asked Louis smilingly.

"Yes. And if you like, after dinner, I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterward read as follows:

"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs, and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a queen. The Malagasys differ widely from the Ethiopian race, both in their physical and moral characteristics. They are hospitable and humane, but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the devil, and that they have at Teintingua a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergaz (*beer*, source, or well, in the Chaldean, and *gaz*, light, in the Malagasy tongue.) To this divinity they are ardently devoted, and at stated periods offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Aesculapius. So true it is that the languages and superstitions of all lands and ages are linked together by mysterious bonds, which neither time nor distance can destroy."

Louis Bergaz thought the latter philosophical reflection very striking.

"You can scarcely imagine," said his companion, "how important these remote analogies, traced out by us with so much labor and fatigue, are to the advancement of science!"

Bergaz bowed, and was silent.

The cares of a busy commercial life soon caused him to forget both the philosopher and his own idol namesake.

After the lapse of about two years, Bergaz set out to purchase ebony at Cape St. Maria, in Madagascar; but a



violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Simpaï on the Avas coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship, Bergaz started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but, there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman: and Louis, with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails, and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing, with one accord, a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergaz!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher in Batavia.

Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the temple. No attempt had been made to ornament its four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay; but, in the centre of the floor stood, on a pedestal, the statue of the god Bergaz, and Louis was greatly struck with his appearance.

The idol, although far from being a finished work of art, was yet far superior in form and workmanship to the ordinary divinities of savage nations. The figure represented a man, dressed in European costume, with a wide straw hat on his head, and a striped muslin cravat round his neck. He was standing in the attitude of one who is intercepting a blow, and his right hand was stained with blood. There was even an attempt, Louis Bergaz thought, to imitate his own features; and the god had thick black whiskers meeting under his chin, precisely such as Louis had worn in 1818. The dress, too, resembled his own; and the cravat, marked in the corner, L. B., was one which he had given Neptune the cook. In a few minutes, a pro-



cession of natives entered the temple; they kindled a fire in a sort of chafing-dish; and, placing on it a dead cock, burnt the sacrifice before their god, amid loud acclamations. Bergaz, unluckily, was not able to preserve his gravity during this pious ceremonial. He burst into a fit of laughter, and was instantly seized by the offended worshippers. With shouts of rage they were about to sacrifice him to their outraged deity, when a noise of cymbals announced the approach of the chief of the tribe. The high priest met him at the door, and announced the sacrilegious conduct of the stranger. The incensed chieftain seized a Malayan *crease*, and ran to take vengeance on the offender. Bergaz turned and looked at him; each uttered a cry of surprise; the next moment, the chief was embracing the feet of Louis.

“Neptune, old fellow! what is all this?” asked Bergaz pointing to the figure, “Bergaz is my god!” cried the negro, striking his breast. Then, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, the European and the chief walked off lovingly together toward the palace of the latter.

On their way thither, Neptune related his history to his friend. The powerful Radamas, sovereign of Madagascar, had concluded a treaty of peace with his enemy René. The wife of the latter, being a woman of genius, was named queen of the Anas, by an edict of Radama; and this lady was the sister of Neptune, ex-cook of the Dido.

No sooner was she seated on the throne than she released her brother from his menial situation, and gave him absolute authority over the small province of Simpaï.

Neptune's first act was an endeavour to manifest his gratitude, after the strange fashion of his people, to his protector Bergaz; and we may fancy how cordial was the reception, how warm and affectionate the welcome, bestowed



on the living benefactor, whose wooden semblance he and his people worshipped as a god. The grateful negro loaded him with presents, and sent his most skilful workmen to assist in repairing the ship. Probably, to this day, the god Bergaz may still be worshipped in Simpaï; and the Aesculapian cock may still excite the wonder, and fill the note-books of travelling philosophers.



## MEETA CLIFTON'S FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

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BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE ESTRANGED HEARTS."

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Meeta Clifton was sitting alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, one hand veiling her eyes from the subdued light of the apartment, the other carelessly resting on the closed and splendidly bound volume lying in her lap. Her small lips were tightly compressed, and now and then there stole from the veiled eyes large tears, which glanced along her cheeks like drops of dew on the petals of a blushing rose.

From the opened windows of the conservatory there came a mingled perfume of many blossoms, and at her feet lay the half-finished wreath of delicate buds, which but a few moments before she had been busily twining. A door opened, and Meeta's reverie was broken. She raised her large, thoughtful eyes, and met the anxious and inquiring gaze of her devotedly fond mother.

"Tears! tears again, my darling—tell me, Meeta, why is this? Have you not every luxury which you could desire? — every wish granted as soon as expressed? — and still you persevere in weeping away your mornings, and sighing away your evenings, as though your heart was breaking. There is some cause for this, Meeta, and you



must tell it to me, my child." Mrs. Clifton had commenced in an almost playful tone of voice, but as she proceeded, her tones, if not her words, assumed a tinge of bitterness, and when she ceased, a look of vexation had entirely displaced the one of motherly anxiety, which had before so plainly predominated. Meeta stooped, raised the wreath, and selecting a sprig of jessamine from the flowers before her, diligently bent over her work, as she carelessly answered —

"It is not strange that one should have sad thoughts at times, mamma, and I have been reading a sad tale this morning."

Mrs. Clifton lifted the volume. It was a book of German legends.

"I wish you would stop reading these German stories, Meeta — you know you were always visionary enough. Come, child, put up this nonsensical romance, and dress yourself; I will order the carriage, and we will go down to Levy's and see what they have new and pretty." A look of weariness, almost of disgust, passed over Meeta's strikingly beautiful features as she arose from the lounge, and carefully laid her wreath in a porphyry urn half filled with water. With a languid step she followed her mother from the room — up the staircase, and then gliding into her own dressing-room, she closed the door, and turned the key in the lock. She threw a careless glance around the chamber, and met the reflection of her own graceful form in the Psyche glass. The marble forehead so thoughtfully serene — the dark eyes so intensely brilliant — the faultlessly chiselled mouth — she noted all, and then, with an almost sorrowful smile, she said:

"For these must I listen to the flatteries I despise, while not one soul in the wide world understands me as I long



to be understood." Throwing herself upon the couch, she again pillowed her head in the palm of her beautiful hand, and the moments stole onward unheeded, although they bore upon their wings many a soft sigh, escaping from the spirit which was ever developing itself in earnest aspirations.

"Meeta, are you ready?"

"In one moment, mamma;" and tying on her bonnet, and folding her cashmere about her, she joined her mother in the hall.

After making their purchases at Levy's, Mrs. Clifton ordered the coachman to drive to the United States Hotel, where Meeta and herself immediately proceeded to call upon some friends from St. Louis.

They found Mrs. Nugent and her daughter in the parlor — Miss Nugent singing a popular song, accompanied by a gentleman beside her, whose deep, rich voice swept the fine chords of Meeta's heart, as a summer breeze would sweep over the trembling strings of a wind-harp. But the melody it awoke died not as soon away. How many times in the watches of the sleepless night that succeeded that eventful meeting, did Meeta Clifton listen to the echoing vibrations which so powerfully moved her — how many times did she repeat to herself his musical name — "Clarence Grenville." It seemed to her the golden key which was to unlock for her the treasure-house of the future.

The next day Mrs. Nugent and her daughter passed with the Cliftons. Mr. Grenville dined with them, and when he bade them good evening, he bore away the jessamine which Meeta had twined in her wreath — the wreath she had wept over, little dreaming one of its flowers would be pressed to the lips of her "first love."



Days, weeks, months, glided onward, and Meeta and Clarence were betrothed. In Grenville had Meeta found the ideal she had pictured; and fully understood and appreciated by him was her noble and sensitive nature. Never wearied of her wild imaginings, he listened hour after hour to the tide of brilliant thought which gushed carelessly from the deep wells of her intellect, or flowed calmly from the boundless seas of her affections. He had passed the first flush of manhood, and, disgusted with the heartlessness of the throngs, in whose midst he had moved a polished man of the world, he looked upon Meeta's rare and beautiful attractions with surprise and glowing admiration; for even at their first meeting had his discerning eye penetrated the almost haughty coldness of her manners. An intimate acquaintance soon ripened into love upon his part, and the avowal of it was met with no affectation of indifference by Meeta. Upon the very fauteuil where but a few months before she had wept because she so longed for a sympathizing spirit, did she sit by the side of Clarence, hand clasped in hand, and the pure blood mantling her cheeks with crimson, as she listened to the eloquent words which told her how fondly — how devotedly was she beloved. After their engagement most of their mornings were spent together; either in riding, or walking, or in their favorite apartment, the boudoir. There, one morning, Clarence surprised her, so deeply engrossed in the German tale she was reading, that he raised her hand from the table before she was aware of his presence.

"I am jealous of that book, Meeta; and I challenge you to give it me."

"Ah, Clarence, my German books are all the world to me in your absence — there I live over all the happiness I experience in your presence, and sometimes I so identify



myself with the feelings of some favorite character, that I forget the matter-of-fact world of now-a-days."

"Then is the present 'matter-of-fact' so disagreeable to you, Meeta?"

"Oh, no, Clarence; I am far happier than any of my heroines since we have met; so happy that I sometimes tremble lest the bright dreams which gilded my pathway so suddenly and beautifully should vanish. Shall I tell you of my last night's dream, Clarence?"

"Certainly, dearest, but I am sure with your strong mind you are not in the least superstitious; although I easily divine that the dream was not a pleasant one by the Madonna-like look which you wear. There; your eyes a trifle lower; that will do. Now your expression is exactly that of Ellen Gray, my first love. I must tell you all about that, Meeta."

Meeta's eyes were turned full upon Clarence Grenville's before his last sentence was finished. Slowly from her cheeks the rose-hue faded, and strangely hoarse was her voice as she said:

"Clarence, you have surely never loved before?"

"Most assuredly I have, my loveliest and my best," he replied, at the same time vainly endeavouring to imprison the hand she had withdrawn.

"Oh, Clarence, this is terrible! this is cruel! *You* have loved before, and yet *you dare* to bring to me a heart whose altars are soiled with the ashes of the sacrifices which you offered up in other days. Clarence Grenville! is this the return for the unbounded love which I have poured upon you? — no, not upon you, but the ideal with whom I fancied I had exchanged a heart as fresh, and pure, and fervent as my own."

Clarence looked upon Meeta with surprise.



"Surely, dear one, this is but a jest. You cannot imagine that my love for you is less strong or less abiding, because my fancies have been enthralled before. You will not let such a trifling cause interfere with our happiness, Meeta; my love for you is too deep for such bubbles upon the surface of the past to affect it for a moment."

Slowly from her cushioned seat Meeta arose — there were no tears in her eyes, but the pupils were painfully dilated, and her colourless cheeks and lips bore unmistakable signs of the struggles of her proud heart. For one moment she paused in front of her betrothed — with a low whisper she bowed her head.

"Take back this ring, Clarence — our marriage can never be, and henceforth I am to you only *as a bubble upon the waters of the past*. God in mercy grant that it may disturb the serenity of my life no more than it will your's." Another moment, and she had gone. How bewildered was the look which Clarence cast upon the closing door — with what wild energy did he spring forward — it was too late.

He seized the pencil which lay upon Meeta's escritoire, and wrote hurriedly upon a blank sheet of note-paper:

"For God's sake, Meeta, come back to me — for my sake, come — for thy own sweet sake, beloved. Too closely woven are the inmost fibres of our hearts for this rude blow to separate. Come to me, darling, I will tell you all. I have not one thought which I would hide from you — come, and let these moments of unnecessary torture cease. For ever thine, and thine only,

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He rang the bell, and sent the note to Meeta's room. It seemed ages before the answer was brought to him. Eagerly he broke the seal and read:



“No time can change me — no persuasions can induce me to become your’s. It was but this morning that I read a story of the sufferings — the intense heart-sufferings of one who wedded a man that had loved before. Turn to the index of the volume I was reading — you will find ‘*Das gebrochene Herz*,’ read it, and ask your own heart if you wonder at my decision. My last night’s dream was but a prophecy of the future to me. I was wandering in a beautiful path; overhead there were arching vines; their green and glossy leaves bent over me; their snowy blossoms filled the air with perfume, and at every step I crushed the dewy violets, and the fragrant wild flowers that were woven so thickly in the velvet turf. Everything about me was gloriously beautified — my path was onward. From the deep shade of the wreathing vines I suddenly emerged into an open space. The day-god was resting his head upon the blue and cloud-capped hills of the far west — slowly I saw him sink into the fleecy, snow-white pile; and then I watched the golden stars gleam one by one from the enamelled heavens. Cold and stately the moon looked forth from the windows of the east, and the jewelled stars trembled and grew dim in her queenly presence. A strange icy sensation girdled my heart — I looked down upon my path — I was on the verge of a precipice — *one step further, and I had been lost!* From the depths below — so far that my eyes could not penetrate — I heard the tumultuous noise of rushing waters; upon the opposite side another precipice loomed far up, and across this fearful gorge a single thread was spanned! my path led over it — I could not go back. I looked up to the heavens, was there no way of escape? — no extending arm to save me? Dark clouds in giant forms were trooping upward — they spread their tents about the moon — they wrapped the whole earth



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“Farewell *for ever!* from this moment, meet where we may, we are strangers; from this hour I commence the task of rooting out every memory of the past which is associated with you. It will be in vain to write to me, your letters will return unopened, and unanswered. The path I have chosen, dreary as you may think it, has far more of solace than that of ‘*Das gebrochene Herz*,’ whose history I wish you to read. Again, farewell *for ever!*”

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As Clarence finished reading, tears stole from his eyes — “tears even though he was a man.” He arose, dashed them away, and paced the room hurriedly.

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“I have passed a night of mental anguish; such an one as I can never pass again, for with the morning light has come a stoical indifference which I expected years alone could bring me. I have loved Meeta Clifton almost idolatrously. I love her still, despite the visionary philosophy with which her mind is so deeply imbued. She is young — not seventeen — a few years from this time she will look upon these things in a different light. I will go to Europe, and when I return, if she has loved me as fervently as I do her, she will remain true to my memory, and perhaps better prize the matured love she has so scornfully rejected.”

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It was a balmy June morning that against one of the vine-wreathed pillars of the conservatory Meeta leaned. Her dark eyes were as thoughtful as ever, and far more red, and there were traces of tears upon their silken fringes.



Already had she found that the second love of Clarence Grenville was far dearer to her than aught on earth beside. Should she pour out her whole soul to him on paper, and thus summon him back? No, pride forbade the thought. She would suffer in silence — she would so school her heart that none should know how troubled were its waters. He would find some new love in the beautiful lands he had gone to, and she would learn to hear his name linked with another — calmly and coldly would she hear it, not a flush should mantle her brow, not a tear dim her eyes. She would drink the cup she had prepared, and no one save herself should dream how darker than midnight were the dregs.

A hand was laid lightly upon Meeta's — the one which rested amidst the vines. The chain of thought was broken, and she looked up into her father's face. In expression it was but the reflection of her own, so sad, so thoughtful.

"Meeta, I have sorrowful news, my child — come into the library with me;" and he drew her hand within his arm. She followed without speaking, but her heart beat faster at every step. They sat down together upon the broad divan.

"It is now nearly two months since poor Clarence left us — although you refused him, Meeta, I cannot but think that you have some sentiments of affection for one every way so worthy of them, and I almost tremble to tell you the fearful . . . ." Mr. Clifton paused, for the expression of deep suffering upon Meeta's face was too plain for her father to doubt for a moment longer the love in her heart.

"Tell me, father, that he is alive — that he is not dead; I can bear anything but that."

Mr. Clifton shook his head mournfully — it was enough,



for, with a scream of anguish, Meeta threw herself upon the floor.

"Meeta! my child! my darling! listen to me — do not moan so piteously. Here, rest your head upon this cushion — there, love, be calm, I will go for your mother."

Mr. Clifton hastened up to his wife's dressing-room. She was reading a paper, and her eyes were discolored with weeping.

"Margaret, we have deceived ourselves, Meeta loves Clarence. I tried to break the news to her gently, but she surmised before I commenced, and is now giving way to the most passionate grief."

Mrs. Clifton immediately went down with her husband. They met Meeta at the door, and both started back in surprise. She was perfectly calm — there was not a trace of suffering upon her face.

"Clarence is dead, mother," she said, as she passed them quickly, and hastened on to her room.

"Follow her," whispered Mr. Clifton to his wife, "she is too calm."

"Meeta, let us talk calmly about this distressing event," said Mrs. Clifton, as she drew a chair close to the couch where Meeta had thrown herself, and now lay with her eyes widely distended and fixed full upon the ceiling. She made no reply.

Mrs. Clifton knew that the wildest grief was not so dangerous as this freezing apathy, and she strove to awaken some emotion.

"Did your father tell you the particulars, my dear?"  
There was no answer.

"The 'Oxford' was wrecked off the Cornwall coast, and not one soul saved — very terrible, but you must not blame yourself in the least. It was very foolish in Clarence to



go off so suddenly, but it was fated to be so, and no regrets can alter his fate, my child."

"*Fated!*" moaned Meeta, through her closed teeth. There was a quivering of the eyelids, a quick muscular motion about the nerves of the lips, followed by a piercing scream which rang through the house.

Mrs. Clifton started to her feet, and her husband, who was waiting at the door of the apartment, immediately joined her.

"A single cord! a thread to cross upon! I cannot," screamed Meeta. "Clarence, save me — help me to cross. Where are you, Clarence? It is dark — it is fearfully dark, but give me your hand, and I will come to you — it is but a step between; oh, for the love of heaven, do not leave me! I was wrong — I was cruel; but do not upbraid me now, for the flames are about me; they scorch! they burn! Oh, help me! save me, Clarence!"

Thus during all that fearful night did Meeta rave. With the morning light came calm unconsciousness; for weeks she lay in this state: then came months of convalescence, in which the spirit seemed wavering between love for the beautiful things of earth, and longings for its promised rest in the home of heaven.

Two years had passed since Meeta's illness — two years of constant anxiety to her devoted parents. They had left no means untried to divert her mind from the one absorbing subject. Through all the most interesting portions of the United States had they travelled, but they could not restore the cheerful smiles of other days.

As a last resort, Mr. Clifton proposed an European tour. To this his wife at first objected, fearing that it might recall to Meeta's mind more vividly the painful past; but upon adverting to the subject in her presence, they



found her not only willing, but eager to undertake the proposed journey. In a few weeks they embarked for London. From there they proceeded almost immediately to France, and after travelling through portions of that country, and Spain and Portugal, they reached Naples in time to spend Meeta's twentieth birth-day. Here they expected to pass the winter, and Mr. Clifton was so fortunate as to procure a palazzo in one of the most delightful situations. The grounds were enchantingly laid out, and the interior of the palazzo was luxuriously furnished. The excitement which had buoyed up Meeta's drooping spirits during their hurried travelling, now seemed to die away. Day by day her beautiful face grew far purer and paler, and the disappointed mother wept bitter tears over her blighted hopes. The physician they had called in, pronounced her in no immediate danger, but this was but little encouragement to the distressed parents.

Suddenly the aspect of things changed. Meeta's favorite room was upon the first floor, and overlooked the bay. Here she had gathered all her souvenirs of home — vases of fragrant flowers were scattered about upon antique tables — fine landscape — paintings adorned the walls, and against a marble statue rested a harp, which Meeta had but seldom used.

By one of the open casements of this room, Meeta had reclined for nearly an hour, looking out upon the vineyards and the blue sky beyond. Suddenly she turned to her harp, and after a short impromptu prelude, she commenced singing:

Come to my bosom, merry thoughts and glad,  
Come, with the timbrel and the joyous song,  
Come, ere the light of my young youth has fled —  
It is not well that ye should linger long!



violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Simpaï on the Avas coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship, Bergaz started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but, there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman: and Louis, with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails, and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing, with one accord, a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergaz!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher in Batavia.

Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the temple. No attempt had been made to ornament its four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay; but, in the centre of the floor stood, on a pedestal, the statue of the god Bergaz, and Louis was greatly struck with his appearance.

The idol, although far from being a finished work of art, was yet far superior in form and workmanship to the ordinary divinities of savage nations. The figure represented a man, dressed in European costume, with a wide straw hat on his head, and a striped muslin cravat round his neck. He was standing in the attitude of one who is intercepting a blow, and his right hand was stained with blood. There was even an attempt, Louis Bergaz thought, to imitate his own features; and the god had thick black whiskers meeting under his chin, precisely such as Louis had worn in 1818. The dress, too, resembled his own; and the cravat, marked in the corner, L. B., was one which he had given Neptune the cook. In a few minutes, a pro-



cession of natives entered the temple; they kindled a fire in a sort of chafing-dish; and, placing on it a dead cock, burnt the sacrifice before their god, amid loud acclamations. Bergaz, unluckily, was not able to preserve his gravity during this pious ceremonial. He burst into a fit of laughter, and was instantly seized by the offended worshippers. With shouts of rage they were about to sacrifice him to their outraged deity, when a noise of cymbals announced the approach of the chief of the tribe. The high priest met him at the door, and announced the sacrilegious conduct of the stranger. The incensed chieftain seized a Malayan *crease*, and ran to take vengeance on the offender. Bergaz turned and looked at him; each uttered a cry of surprise; the next moment, the chief was embracing the feet of Louis.

“Neptune, old fellow! what is all this?” asked Bergaz pointing to the figure, “Bergaz is my god!” cried the negro, striking his breast. Then, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, the European and the chief walked off lovingly together toward the palace of the latter.

On their way thither, Neptune related his history to his friend. The powerful Radamas, sovereign of Madagascar, had concluded a treaty of peace with his enemy René. The wife of the latter, being a woman of genius, was named queen of the Anas, by an edict of Radama; and this lady was the sister of Neptune, ex-cook of the Dido.

No sooner was she seated on the throne than she released her brother from his menial situation, and gave him absolute authority over the small province of Simpaï.

Neptune's first act was an endeavour to manifest his gratitude, after the strange fashion of his people, to his protector Bergaz; and we may fancy how cordial was the reception, how warm and affectionate the welcome, bestowed



on the living benefactor, whose wooden semblance he and his people worshipped as a god. The grateful negro loaded him with presents, and sent his most skilful workmen to assist in repairing the ship. Probably, to this day, the god Bergaz may still be worshipped in Simpaï; and the Aesculapian cock may still excite the wonder, and fill the note-books of travelling philosophers.



## MEETA CLIFTON'S FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

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BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE ESTRANGED HEARTS."

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Meeta Clifton was sitting alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, one hand veiling her eyes from the subdued light of the apartment, the other carelessly resting on the closed and splendidly bound volume lying in her lap. Her small lips were tightly compressed, and now and then there stole from the veiled eyes large tears, which glanced along her cheeks like drops of dew on the petals of a blushing rose.

From the opened windows of the conservatory there came a mingled perfume of many blossoms, and at her feet lay the half-finished wreath of delicate buds, which but a few moments before she had been busily twining. A door opened, and Meeta's reverie was broken. She raised her large, thoughtful eyes, and met the anxious and inquiring gaze of her devotedly fond mother.

"Tears! tears again, my darling — tell me, Meeta, why is this? Have you not every luxury which you could desire? — every wish granted as soon as expressed? — and still you persevere in weeping away your mornings, and sighing away your evenings, as though your heart was breaking. There is some cause for this, Meeta, and you



must tell it to me, my child." Mrs. Clifton had commenced in an almost playful tone of voice, but as she proceeded, her tones, if not her words, assumed a tinge of bitterness, and when she ceased, a look of vexation had entirely displaced the one of motherly anxiety, which had before so plainly predominated. Meeta stooped, raised the wreath, and selecting a sprig of jessamine from the flowers before her, diligently bent over her work, as she carelessly answered —

"It is not strange that one should have sad thoughts at times, mamma, and I have been reading a sad tale this morning."

Mrs. Clifton lifted the volume. It was a book of German legends.

"I wish you would stop reading these German stories, Meeta — you know you were always visionary enough. Come, child, put up this nonsensical romance, and dress yourself; I will order the carriage, and we will go down to Levy's and see what they have new and pretty." A look of weariness, almost of disgust, passed over Meeta's strikingly beautiful features as she arose from the lounge, and carefully laid her wreath in a porphyry urn half filled with water. With a languid step she followed her mother from the room — up the staircase, and then gliding into her own dressing-room, she closed the door, and turned the key in the lock. She threw a careless glance around the chamber, and met the reflection of her own graceful form in the Psyche glass. The marble forehead so thoughtfully serene — the dark eyes so intensely brilliant — the faultlessly chiselled mouth — she noted all, and then, with an almost sorrowful smile, she said:

"For these must I listen to the flatteries I despise, while not one soul in the wide world understands me as I long



to be understood." Throwing herself upon the couch, she again pillowed her head in the palm of her beautiful hand, and the moments stole onward unheeded, although they bore upon their wings many a soft sigh, escaping from the spirit which was ever developing itself in earnest aspirations.

"Meeta, are you ready?"

"In one moment, mamma;" and tying on her bonnet, and folding her cashmere about her, she joined her mother in the hall.

After making their purchases at Levy's, Mrs. Clifton ordered the coachman to drive to the United States Hotel, where Meeta and herself immediately proceeded to call upon some friends from St. Louis.

They found Mrs. Nugent and her daughter in the parlor — Miss Nugent singing a popular song, accompanied by a gentleman beside her, whose deep, rich voice swept the fine chords of Meeta's heart, as a summer breeze would sweep over the trembling strings of a wind-harp. But the melody it awoke died not as soon away. How many times in the watches of the sleepless night that succeeded that eventful meeting, did Meeta Clifton listen to the echoing vibrations which so powerfully moved her — how many times did she repeat to herself his musical name — "Clarence Grenville." It seemed to her the golden key which was to unlock for her the treasure-house of the future.

The next day Mrs. Nugent and her daughter passed with the Cliftons. Mr. Grenville dined with them, and when he bade them good evening, he bore away the jessamine which Meeta had twined in her wreath — the wreath she had wept over, little dreaming one of its flowers would be pressed to the lips of her "first love."



Days, weeks, months, glided onward, and Meeta and Clarence were betrothed. In Grenville had Meeta found the ideal she had pictured; and fully understood and appreciated by him was her noble and sensitive nature. Never wearied of her wild imaginings, he listened hour after hour to the tide of brilliant thought which gushed carelessly from the deep wells of her intellect, or flowed calmly from the boundless seas of her affections. He had passed the first flush of manhood, and, disgusted with the heartlessness of the throngs, in whose midst he had moved a polished man of the world, he looked upon Meeta's rare and beautiful attractions with surprise and glowing admiration; for even at their first meeting had his discerning eye penetrated the almost haughty coldness of her manners. An intimate acquaintance soon ripened into love upon his part, and the avowal of it was met with no affectation of indifference by Meeta. Upon the very fauteuil where but a few months before she had wept because she so longed for a sympathizing spirit, did she sit by the side of Clarence, hand clasped in hand, and the pure blood mantling her cheeks with crimson, as she listened to the eloquent words which told her how fondly — how devotedly was she beloved. After their engagement most of their mornings were spent together; either in riding, or walking, or in their favorite apartment, the boudoir. There, one morning, Clarence surprised her, so deeply engrossed in the German tale she was reading, that he raised her hand from the table before she was aware of his presence.

"I am jealous of that book, Meeta; and I challenge you to give it me."

"Ah, Clarence, my German books are all the world to me in your absence — there I live over all the happiness I experience in your presence, and sometimes I so identify



myself with the feelings of some favorite character, that I forget the matter-of-fact world of now-a-days."

"Then is the present 'matter-of-fact' so disagreeable to you, Meeta?"

"Oh, no, Clarence; I am far happier than any of my heroines since we have met; so happy that I sometimes tremble lest the bright dreams which gilded my pathway so suddenly and beautifully should vanish. Shall I tell you of my last night's dream, Clarence?"

"Certainly, dearest, but I am sure with your strong mind you are not in the least superstitious; although I easily divine that the dream was not a pleasant one by the Madonna-like look which you wear. There; your eyes a trifle lower; that will do. Now your expression is exactly that of Ellen Gray, my first love. I must tell you all about that, Meeta."

Meeta's eyes were turned full upon Clarence Grenville's before his last sentence was finished. Slowly from her cheeks the rose-hue faded, and strangely hoarse was her voice as she said:

"Clarence, you have surely never loved before?"

"Most assuredly I have, my loveliest and my best," he replied, at the same time vainly endeavouring to imprison the hand she had withdrawn.

"Oh, Clarence, this is terrible! this is cruel! *You* have loved before, and yet *you dare* to bring to me a heart whose altars are soiled with the ashes of the sacrifices which you offered up in other days. Clarence Grenville! is this the return for the unbounded love which I have poured upon you? — no, not upon you, but the ideal with whom I fancied I had exchanged a heart as fresh, and pure, and fervent as my own."

Clarence looked upon Meeta with surprise.



"Surely, dear one, this is but a jest. You cannot imagine that my love for you is less strong or less abiding, because my fancies have been enthralled before. You will not let such a trifling cause interfere with our happiness, Meeta; my love for you is too deep for such bubbles upon the surface of the past to affect it for a moment."

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A hand was laid lightly upon Meeta's — the one which rested amidst the vines. The chain of thought was broken, and she looked up into her father's face. In expression it was but the reflection of her own, so sad, so thoughtful.

"Meeta, I have sorrowful news, my child — come into the library with me;" and he drew her hand within his arm. She followed without speaking, but her heart beat faster at every step. They sat down together upon the broad divan.

"It is now nearly two months since poor Clarence left us — although you refused him, Meeta, I cannot but think that you have some sentiments of affection for one every way so worthy of them, and I almost tremble to tell you the fearful . . . ." Mr. Clifton paused, for the expression of deep suffering upon Meeta's face was too plain for her father to doubt for a moment longer the love in her heart.

"Tell me, father, that he is alive — that he is not dead; I can bear anything but that."

Mr. Clifton shook his head mournfully — it was enough,



for, with a scream of anguish, Meeta threw herself upon the floor.

“Meeta! my child! my darling! listen to me — do not moan so piteously. Here, rest your head upon this cushion — there, love, be calm, I will go for your mother.”

Mr. Clifton hastened up to his wife's dressing-room. She was reading a paper, and her eyes were discolored with weeping.

“Margaret, we have deceived ourselves, Meeta loves Clarence. I tried to break the news to her gently, but she surmised before I commenced, and is now giving way to the most passionate grief.”

Mrs. Clifton immediately went down with her husband. They met Meeta at the door, and both started back in surprise. She was perfectly calm — there was not a trace of suffering upon her face.

“Clarence is dead, mother,” she said, as she passed them quickly, and hastened on to her room.

“Follow her,” whispered Mr. Clifton to his wife, “she is too calm.”

“Meeta, let us talk calmly about this distressing event,” said Mrs. Clifton, as she drew a chair close to the couch where Meeta had thrown herself, and now lay with her eyes widely distended and fixed full upon the ceiling. She made no reply.

Mrs. Clifton knew that the wildest grief was not so dangerous as this freezing apathy, and she strove to awaken some emotion.

“Did your father tell you the particulars, my dear?”  
There was no answer.

“The ‘Oxford’ was wrecked off the Cornwall coast, and not one soul saved — very terrible, but you must not blame yourself in the least. It was very foolish in Clarence to



go off so suddenly, but it was fated to be so, and no regrets can alter his fate, my child."

"*Fated!*" moaned Meeta, through her closed teeth. There was a quivering of the eyelids, a quick muscular motion about the nerves of the lips, followed by a piercing scream which rang through the house.

Mrs. Clifton started to her feet, and her husband, who was waiting at the door of the apartment, immediately joined her.

"A single cord! a thread to cross upon! I cannot," screamed Meeta. "Clarence, save me — help me to cross. Where are you, Clarence? It is dark — it is fearfully dark, but give me your hand, and I will come to you — it is but a step between; oh, for the love of heaven, do not leave me! I was wrong — I was cruel; but do not upbraid me now, for the flames are about me; they scorch! they burn! Oh, help me! save me, Clarence!"

Thus during all that fearful night did Meeta rave. With the morning light came calm unconsciousness; for weeks she lay in this state: then came months of convalescence, in which the spirit seemed wavering between love for the beautiful things of earth, and longings for its promised rest in the home of heaven.

Two years had passed since Meeta's illness — two years of constant anxiety to her devoted parents. They had left no means untried to divert her mind from the one absorbing subject. Through all the most interesting portions of the United States had they travelled, but they could not restore the cheerful smiles of other days.

As a last resort, Mr. Clifton proposed an European tour. To this his wife at first objected, fearing that it might recall to Meeta's mind more vividly the painful past; but upon adverting to the subject in her presence, they



found her not only willing, but eager to undertake the proposed journey. In a few weeks they embarked for London. From there they proceeded almost immediately to France, and after travelling through portions of that country, and Spain and Portugal, they reached Naples in time to spend Meeta's twentieth birth-day. Here they expected to pass the winter, and Mr. Clifton was so fortunate as to procure a palazzo in one of the most delightful situations. The grounds were enchantingly laid out, and the interior of the palazzo was luxuriously furnished. The excitement which had buoyed up Meeta's drooping spirits during their hurried travelling, now seemed to die away. Day by day her beautiful face grew far purer and paler, and the disappointed mother wept bitter tears over her blighted hopes. The physician they had called in, pronounced her in no immediate danger, but this was but little encouragement to the distressed parents.

Suddenly the aspect of things changed. Meeta's favorite room was upon the first floor, and overlooked the bay. Here she had gathered all her souvenirs of home — vases of fragrant flowers were scattered about upon antique tables — fine landscape — paintings adorned the walls, and against a marble statue rested a harp, which Meeta had but seldom used.

By one of the open casements of this room, Meeta had reclined for nearly an hour, looking out upon the vineyards and the blue sky beyond. Suddenly she turned to her harp, and after a short impromptu prelude, she commenced singing:

Come to my bosom, merry thoughts and glad,  
Come, with the timbrel and the joyous song,  
Come, ere the light of my young youth has fled —  
It is not well that ye should linger long !



Come pleasure, with thy clarion-breathing voice,  
Come, whisper music at my heart's lone shrine;  
Thou wert my first-desired, my only choice,  
When a young child I played beneath the vine.

Come, with thy dancing feet o'er sadness flying,  
Come, chase my grieving spirits' gloom away,  
And with thy syren voice dispel the sighing  
Which echoes through my heart from day to day.

What though my bosom holds but ruined shrines;  
What though the cypress spreads around its gloom;  
Music and mirth can dance among the vines  
That arching grow above Love's early tomb.

As she finished, her hand fell motionless by her side. Her fine head was thrown back, and the chiselled features looked as pure and cold as the marble beside her. Her braided hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, was confined in a simple Grecian braid, and knotted around with pearls. Her large thoughtful eyes were fixed so intently upon the amber sky, that the two who stood motionless by the marble balustrade hesitated whether they should disturb the enchanting tableau, or remain and enjoy its beauty.

The eldest of the two was the physician, Dr. Villiers; the other an Italian, Signor Manfredi, a friend of the doctor's, who had accompanied him once or twice before in his visits to his fair patient, and who seemed exceedingly enamored with her surpassing loveliness.

Not for one instant had he ceased to gaze upon her during the song, and when her voice, so mournfully sweet and sad, died away, he dashed something very like tears from his soul-speaking eyes.

The lower part of his face was so concealed by his immense moustache and beard, that the features were not visible, but the forehead was broad and massy, and the



dark chesnut hair which fell in such profuse waves upon his shoulders, only added to its beauty. Dr. Villiers at length stepped forward.

"I have broken the spell, Miss Clifton, for I did not dare to let you look any longer upon that magnificent sky, lest your soul should escape through your eyes, as my friend Manfredi's seemed to be escaping."

"Meeta smiled, as she welcomed the doctor and his friend, but the smile rested only on the lips — the eyes were as sad as ever.

Dr. Villiers went on in the same playful strain he had commenced, until he left the saloon to search for Mrs. Clifton.

"Will you sing me that song again, Miss Clifton, or am I asking too much?" said the signor.

"I would gladly oblige you, but it is impossible," replied Meeta, "I composed it as I sang."

"Is it possible! Do you know, as I looked at you, I imagined you a second Corinne, and I wished from my heart that I . . . ."

Their eyes met — the Italian's drooped suddenly, as if he had presumed too much upon the short acquaintance. A crimson flush spread over Meeta's face, and died away as suddenly. The rest of their conversation seemed restrained, and it was evidently a relief to both when Dr. Villiers returned with Mr. Clifton.

The conversation then became general; Signor Manfredi entering with spirit into some descriptions of the scenery about Naples. He was exceedingly eloquent, and Meeta more than once found herself gazing upon him, with more interest than she had felt for any one for years. Her parent noticed the change with pleasure, and the good doctor fairly chuckled and rubbed his hands in glee, as he said,



in an aside to Mr. Clifton: "Ah, we will have her a convert to second love yet." Meeta little dreamed of the conspiracy going on between her parents and her excellent physician. *Their plot was well laid.*

As days passed on, neither of them seemed to mistrust that there were any designs in their frequent meetings; yet Meeta had learned to consider the hours long in which he was not lingering by her side, and Manfredi spent the time which was not devoted to her within sight of her palazzo. In less than a month from their first acquaintance, Signor Manfredi, with all the ardor of his southern temperament, bowed himself at Meeta's feet, and passionately avowed his love.

"Not yet, not yet," sighed Meeta, "let us be friends, but no more."

"No," replied Manfredi, "I cannot live longer in your presence, and not be more to you than I am. You must love me, Miss Clifton, or if you give me no hope, I leave you this night for ever. Do not turn from me, I beg of you. Look upon me — read my love in my eyes — the love no words can tell, and say but one word, 'go' or 'stay' — it is all I will ask to-night."

Meeta raised her drooping lids, and met his eyes — oh, that one thrilling glance! it recalled the days that were past; and yet strong as was their memory, she bowed her head and rested it upon his shoulder, acknowledging to herself that her second love was stronger — more thrillingly intense.

In the blissful present, Meeta seemed to have buried all memories of the painful past. She was herself again, warbling like a wild-bird, as clinging to his arm she wandered through the beautiful saloons of the palazzo. She sang for him the same song which years before she sang



for Clarence, and he kissed the tears from her humid eyes — tears which seemed to well from excess of joy.

When they rambled through the grounds, he wreathed her hair with his favorite flower — the white and starry jessamine — then paused to gaze upon her increased beauty.

The third evening after their engagement found them seated in the colonnade which overlooked the bay. Manfredi was gazing with peculiar tenderness upon his affianced bride. She seemed enwrapt with the beauty of the moonlight scene before her.

“This is very beautiful, dear Meeta; but were you ever in Germany?”

“Never — papa wished to travel there before we settled ourselves here, but I was a little obstinate, and he yielded to me.”

“We must take our bridal tour in that direction, dearest. Germany is a most interesting country to travel in. Scarce a spot but has its own peculiar tale or legend — some of them extremely thrilling. It was from reading one of those legends, that years ago I resolved never to marry one who had loved before.”

A shade passed over Meeta's face, she drew her hand from the one clasping it so tenderly, and pressed it tightly over her eyes.

“I have loved before, Lorenzo — loved wellnigh as ardently and devotedly as I do you now.”

“Loved another! impossible!” commenced Manfredi.

“No, not impossible — it was the resemblance in the tones of your voice to his — in the glance of your eye, that first awoke the love I bear you now, and oh, Lorenzo! it was the same foolish belief which caused our separation — a separation which, for more than three years, made me lose all love for life.”



"Meeta, if you were to meet him again, would you not forget me?"

"That is impossible — he was wrecked scarce a month from our parting." She shuddered as she spoke: Manfredi noted it, and said: "Meeta, you love him yet!"

"I have so blended my love for him with my love for you, Lorenzo, that I have felt that — indeed I cannot tell you how, you will think me strange, but your manners, your tones, your eyes were so like his, it seemed to me that. —" She was so agitated she could not say more.

"So I am to understand that while I supposed you were loving me for myself, you were only loving me because of my resemblance to an earlier love. Is that it, Meeta?"

There was nothing harsh or chiding in the tones of his voice. Meeta raised her eyes and met the same all-powerful glance. A moment more, and she felt his arm encircling her waist — her head nestling in his bosom.

"Lie thus, dearest, until I tell you a story of the past — do not tremble so, my bird, or I shall fear to tell you."

At this moment Dr. Villiers called from the saloon:

"Come here, Miss Clifton, we want you to sing for us."

Manfredi arose, and led Meeta to a seat within the saloon.

"Doctor, I was just commencing a story; you must not interrupt me. When I have done, she will sing for you if you wish it."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the doctor, and wheeling his chair up to the lounge where they were sitting, he took one of Meeta's hands, and carelessly placed his fingers upon the wrist. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton retained the seats they had occupied when Meeta and Manfredi had entered from the colonnade.

"Meeta darling," said Mrs. Clifton, her eyes moistened



with the unbidden tears she was vainly striving to crush, "you must not let Signor Manfredi's story excite you."

Meeta looked around wonderingly — her mother's tearful eyes — her father's expression of intense anxiety — the doctor's evident watchfulness — what could it all mean? Inquiringly she directed her glance to her lover. Mr. Clifton arose and came toward her.

"Meeta, prepare your mind for a very great, a sudden shock; do you think you can bear it?"

"What can it be father? I can bear anything but the suspense. I see you all here; what have I to fear?"

"Nothing to fear, but much to rejoice over, my child; we have deceived you — Manfredi is not the name of your betrothed — can you guess who he is?"

It was almost a vacant look, which for a moment Meeta cast around; then she met the same thrilling glance, and a gleam of triumphant joy lit up her features, as exclaiming:

"Clarence! my Clarence! oh, my heart told me this long ago!" she sprung into his arms.

"She is safe, thank God," said Dr. Villiers, as he turned from the tearful but happy group. "She got through it wonderfully well. I must say I felt a good deal of anxiety, but these women are always a—head of you. I never surprised one yet; they are always thinking so, or feeling a presentiment, or dreaming so, or something or other of the sort."

He took the opportunity, while his back was turned, of brushing the tears from his eyes, for Dr. Villiers had lived many years in the world, and he did not care to be seen weeping. Then looking back, he said:

"Oh, ho! we are so happy now, that we do not care about hearing the story — how do you know who it is



Miss? we have not told you yet. It may be the wandering Jew, or Belzebub himself, for all you know to the contrary."

The next day Meeta heard the story, which Signor Manfredi, *alias* Clarence Grenville, had commenced. The packet ship "Oxford," on whose books he had registered his name, sailed without him, as he had concluded, at the urgent persuasion of a southern friend, to go with him to New Orleans, where he remained several months; the next two years he passed travelling in Europe. He heard the fate of the "Oxford," and knew that his American friends would believe him lost; he was very willing that it should be so, as some such plan as the one he finally pursued had occurred to him. For this purpose he suffered his hair to grow long, and cultivated his moustache and beard to perfection.

Upon his return to the United States his most intimate friends failed to recognise him. He found that the Clifton family were travelling; he searched in vain at several of the most fashionable watering-places, during the succeeding summer, and eventually followed them to Naples. He immediately made himself known to Mr. Clifton, and told him the particulars of his refusal, and his desire to win Meeta's second love. Dr. Villiers was consulted—his consent given, the doctor introduced him as his friend, with the result which is already known.

At their palazzo in Naples was the marriage of Clarence Grenville and Meeta Clifton celebrated: and although Meeta denies it, her husband still persists in saying, that he was her *second love*.

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## HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

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(The following beautiful lines are the production of the late and much-lamented ROBERT GILFILLAN, and appeared originally in the Glasgow University Album.)

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Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!  
Now thy far journey of day it is done;  
Still art thou parting bright — shedding immortal light,  
Down on thy throne of night — hail! setting sun!

Slow thou departest away — far from the realms of day,  
Lingering in pity on summer's loved bowers;  
Thy last ray is streaming — thy farewell tint gleaming,  
Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness — yet nations in gladness  
Are waiting to worship thee — fountain of light!  
Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see,  
Thou kindest day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder — there dost thou wander,  
Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray,  
Kissing the stars at morn — high in the air upborne,  
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!



Grandeur and glory — they travel before thee;  
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!  
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,  
When thou awakest from the ocean again.

All own thy influence — kindly thou dost dispense  
Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be;  
Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;  
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee — age cannot alter thee,  
Years have no power to limit thy sway;  
Strength and sublimity — still they attend on thee,  
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay!

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!  
Now thy far journey of day it is done;  
Still art thou parting bright — shedding immortal light,  
Down on thy throne of night — hail! setting sun!

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## CONSPIRACY OF THE CLOCKS.

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When Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus V., he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life, smoothed the wrinkles from his now proud forehead, raised his piercing eyes — heretofore cautiously veiled by their downcast lids — and made the astounded conclave know that in place of a docile instrument they had elected an inflexible master. Many glaring abuses existed in Rome, and these the new pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's "following" resembled an army rather than an escort; and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street, a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood be freely shed by those who had no previous cause of quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning — which it still retains — of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V. resolved to put down this practice, and seized the opportunity of an unusually fierce combat taking place on Easter-day within the very precincts of St. Peter's.

Next morning an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble without exception from being



followed by more than twenty attendants. Every one also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry any sort of fire-arms (pocket-pistols being especially mentioned), should thereby incur the penalty of death. At this notice Pasquin jested, and the nobles laughed, but no one dared to indulge in bravado, until the following incident occurred.

Just after the promulgation of the pope's orders, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new pontiff; and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met the reception due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents and courage gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father; and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late, when the gay guests began to discuss the recent edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and among them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sobered by sleep, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the pope. Although a feudatory of the Holy See, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V. would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a pope in a dilemma. Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, man-



aged adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Such audacity could not go unpunished. Without a moment's hesitation the pope summoned his guards, and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. War might be declared on the morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the life and liberty of his son. What cared Sixtus? He was resolved to restore but a corpse.

The news spread quickly: so much audacity on one side and so much firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and, falling at the feet of the pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the Holy See. Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome — might he not fairly be supposed ignorant of the new enactment? Then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his holiness to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late pope, Paul III.

The holy father's reply was cruelly decisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction: a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The vicegerent of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The cardinal bent his head and retired.

Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the governor of Fort St. Angelo. To him he gave im-



perative orders, that precisely at twenty-four o'clock\*) that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. He could not bring himself to believe that he, the heir-apparent of the Duke of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders!

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivarès, ambassador from the court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers. Two precious hours remained.

"Our only plan," said the Cardinal, "is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome! Meantime do you occupy Angeli's attention."

"His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and, moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed hour, as if by magic, time changed his noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St. Peter and St. Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the cardinal's authority secured the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

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\*) In Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset.



The execution was to be private; but Olivarès, in his quality of ambassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms, and monks chanting the solemn “Dies Iræ.” Every thing was prepared save the victim. Olivarès was with Angeli, and a scene commenced at once terrible and burlesque. The ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

“My orders,” he said, “are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over.”

“But the pope may change his mind.” Without replying, the terrible Angeli walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called: a soldier appeared. “Is all prepared?” All was prepared: the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the hour.

“’Tis strange,” muttered the governor. “I should have thought —”

“At least,” interposed Olivarès, “if you will not delay, do not anticipate.” And monsignor resumed his hasty walk between the door and window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite of the delay, however, the fatal hour approached. Ten minutes more, and Ranuccio’s fate would be sealed.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch, and his eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring time-piece Ranuccio was already executed.

“What seek you?” asked his holiness.

“The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors.”



“Did he die like a Christian?”

“Like a saint,” cried the cardinal, trembling at a moment’s delay. Sixtus V. traced the following words: “We order our governor of Fort St. Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese.” Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the cardinal.

Arrived at the palace gates, Farnese, agitated between fear and hope, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant note of the “*De profundis*.” He rushed toward the court. Was he too late? — had his stratagem succeeded? One look would decide. He raised his eyes — his nephew still lived. His neck bare, and his hands tied, he knelt beside the block, between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased; the cardinal flew toward the governor. Ere he could speak, his gestures and his countenance lied for him.

“A pardon? — a pardon!” exclaimed Olivarès. The soldiers shouted. The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The governor read and re-read the missive.

“The *body* of Ranuccio Farnese!” he repeated: “the criminal’s name would suffice. Why these words: ‘*The body of?*’”

“What stops you?” cried the cardinal, at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew.

“Read!” replied Angeli, handing him the pope’s letter.

“Is that all?” said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. “Look at the hour: it still wants two minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his holiness more than a quarter of an hour since.”

The governor bowed: the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given up to his deliverers. A carriage, with



four fleet horses, waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their master's cause. It might be well if lawyers in our day would sometimes follow their example.

Monsignor Angeli, as the chronicle relates, was rather astonished at the rapid flight of time after his prisoner's departure. In fact, the next hour seemed to him as short as its predecessor was long. This phenomenon, due to the simple system of compensation, was ascribed by him to the peaceful state of his conscience. Although inflexible in the discharge of what he esteemed his duty, he was in reality a kind-hearted man, and felt sincere pleasure at what he honestly believed to be Ranuccio's pardon.

On the morrow the Spanish ambassador was the first to congratulate Sixtus V., with admirable *sang froid*, on his truly pious clemency. Olivarès was only a diplomatist, but he played his part as well as if he had been a cardinal, and made every one believe that he had been the dupe of his accomplice. He had good reasons for so acting. His master, Philip II., seldom jested, more especially when the subject of the joke was the infallible head of the church; and he strongly suspected that the clocks of Madrid might prove less complaisant than those at Rome.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. For no other crime than that of not wearing a watch, the pope deprived him of his office, and imprisoned him for some time in Fort St. Angelo. As to Cardinal Farnese, renouncing all the praises and congratulations of his friends at Rome, he prudently remained an absentee.

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## SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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BY MONTGOMERY D. PARKER.

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We are again at Cabenda, one of the most noted and extensive slave-marts south of the equator, and a place which has been designated as the "Paradise of Africa," on account of the beauty of its scenery and situation, as well as for its fine climate during the greater part of the year, and general freedom from the deadly fever which is the bane of nearly all other points of interest or attraction on the coast.

The fever does exist, and hardly a single white man among the agents and employés of the numerous Portuguese slave-factories established here, escapes a touch of it during the first year of his residence; but from its comparatively mild form, very few instances of disease prove fatal, and in two or three seasons one gets pretty well acclimated. We have been obliged to watch this place with unceasing vigilance during our stay on this part of the coast, and have rarely been absent from it more than ten days or two weeks at a time, and then only to look into Loando bay, and the mouth of the Congo river, which are within a day's sail to the northward and southward of Cabenda, and quite as notorious slave-stations as this. The little "Boxer" our vessel is therefore quite well known here, and we in



our turn have made ourselves well acquainted with the localities, and the "big men" of the place, including the principal darkies and the slave-factors.

The native towns lie on the borders of a beautiful bay, which is known to the traders on the coast as "Cabenda Hook;" and as far as I have been able to learn, they are all under the sovereignty of a king, called Socco Frank. Each town is again ruled by a head-man, who, since the natives have picked up a little English, is styled Prince, as "Prince Sam," "Prince Pogota," "Prince Oldman Jack," etc. King Socco holds his court in the largest and finest of the towns, which lies on a commanding eminence on the right hand as the harbor is entered, and which serves as a prominent land-mark for vessels going into Cabenda. We saw but little of His Majesty at any of our visits, as he is largely engaged in trade with the slave-factories, many of which are in the immediate vicinity of his residence on the hill, and he is consequently often absent at his other towns, or on excursions into the interior or "bush" collecting slaves. He is the only native king I have seen who affects the European dress and manners; and they ill become him when contrasted with the free and easy carriage of his chiefs and dignitaries, many of whom are large, fine-looking men, and appear to great advantage in their own costume. On the occasion of our seizure of an American brig, it appeared that some of the goods composing her lading belonged to him, and at that time he came off to the ship, accompanied by his suite, to endeavour to prevail on our captain to allow his property to be landed before the brig was sent to the United States. He was dressed in a black frock-coat and trowsers, white shirt, shoes, stockings, and a black hat; and it was very evident from his ill-concealed uneasiness in the garments,



that he never wore them except on state occasions or official visits, for it was with great difficulty that he could get up the side or move along the deck in his borrowed plumes. Two of his chiefs accompanied him, dressed in all their native finery, which of course was vastly better than their every-day rig, to suit the importance of the occasion. Strapping fellows, full six feet in height, they looked and moved with all the dignity of free black noblemen. The costume of one, whose dress and ornaments were really splendid, and I should judge very costly, will bear description.

This man, a sort of prime minister to the king, was also largely interested in the cargo of the brig before mentioned. He wore a very fancy piece of crimson and gold-colored cloth about his loins, reaching nearly to the feet; on his head a scarlet tarbouch or cap with a gold tassel; and on his shoulders a very fine and costly shawl of native manufacture. On his neck, ankles, and wrists, were heavy silver rings, chased in a beautiful manner, and around his waist a silver belt at least eight inches in width, and formed of a great number of chains, meeting at the back in a large lion's head in relief, of massy silver, and in front joining a clasp formed into the shape of some other beast's head, also of the same precious metal. His "fetishes," or charms to keep off the "evil eye," were suspended from his neck in great numbers by gold and silver chains, and many of them were quite pretty and curious in their workmanship. In his hand he carried a massy silver staff or cane, about four feet in length, fashioned into the form of a serpent with three bodies or tails, which, twining round each other, made the body of the staff, the head, with large emeralds for eyes, forming the handle. It weighed at least ten or twelve pounds in solid silver, and, together



with his other silver ornaments, was made in England and brought out to him by some captain or supercargo, with whom he was connected in his trading operations. I have seen him many times since the occasion of his visit, and have learned that he is very wealthy, and the most influential chief at Cabenda. He has of course gotten most of his riches by selling his own countrymen; but with that *we* have nothing to do.

The whole party sat down on the deck, and His Majesty King Socco proceeded, through an interpreter, to open the "palaver," and make known to our captain the object of his visit. He was of course told that it was impossible to deliver him his goods, as the brig would be sent home with every thing that was found on board at the time of her seizure, but that perhaps he might soon get them in case she was not condemned as a slaver. He remonstrated, and argued the matter without avail; and after taking a glass of ship's whiskey, which he did us the honor to say was good, His Majesty and suite took their leave, as I thought, very much disgusted with Yankees and their ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. I never saw him afterward, and fancy that it was his first and last visit to an American man-of-war.

I must not omit here to give a passing notice to our friend Prince Pogota, a darkey whose never-failing attentions to us on our various visits to Cabenda will long be remembered with *strong emotions* by most of the officers of our ship. Pogota's town lies on a point of land jutting out into the sea on the right of the bay, forming one side of "Cabenda Hook;" and here we were always sure of a most cordial welcome from his Highness when we visited the shore, who invariably offered us in the most pressing



manner all the hospitalities which his country, house, and even his harem afforded. Whenever he saw our boat entering the little cove in front of his town, he would rush into his house and put on his finery, consisting of an old uniform coat and rusty sword, which some French naval officer had given him; and with these trappings to support his dignity as a reigning prince, down he would come to the beach followed by half the population of his town, and selecting from among his subjects a half-dozen athletic fellows to bring us safe and dry through the surf, he would dance about on the sand, awaiting our landing with the most eager delight. Would that our greetings could have been confined to a cordial shake of the hand; but Pogota would never rest satisfied until he had embraced each one of us separately, and our clothes in consequence generally bore the "air of majesty" — at least of his majesty — for some time afterward. From the beach we went to his house, a neat little cane-structure, situated in a cool, delightfully-sheltered grove of cocoa-nut and banana-trees, where we could pass an hour or two during the hottest part of the day very comfortably, drinking the refreshing milk of the cocoa-nuts which the natives gathered for us, or strolling about among the quaint little houses, picking up African curiosities for our cabinets at home, or trading with the darkies for poultry, fruit, and vegetables, for our messes on board ship, the larders of which on our arrival at Cabenda always show a lamentable deficiency in these necessaries.

In the centre of the "Hook," and facing the sea, stands Prince Sam's town, and near it runs a little stream from which we obtained fresh water for the ship. I went on shore to see this town one day, but was not fortunate enough to find the Prince at home. I took the liberty, how-



ever, of inspecting the house of his Highness, and was entertained by some half-dozen of his wives, who, for the small consideration of a paper of smoking-tobacco, allowed me the freedom of the premises, and even showed me the "greegree" house, where were some of the most outrageous-looking household gods I ever beheld. The missionary has as yet obtained no foothold at Cabenda; and these poor people are encouraged in their strange religion, which is a mixture of sensuality and superstition, by highly-colored and grossly obscene and blasphemous prints, which the French and German traders have scattered profusely on the coast. This "greegree" house had several wooden images representing their different gods, rudely but truthfully carved by the natives themselves, but the arts of the white man had furnished the lascivious pictures with which the walls were profusely hung.

On my return to the boat, I was lucky enough to meet Prince Sam returning home in company with another royal scion, "Oldman Jack." He stopped when he saw me, and saluting me in African style, said in pretty good English that he had heard from his people on the beach that I had gone to his town to see him, and expressed a wish that I should return and partake of his hospitality; but as it was getting late, and the boat being ready to shove off, I did not avail myself of his politeness; so making my excuses, and presenting the old man with a cigar-case filled with Havanas, I took my leave, promising to come and see him at our next visit to Cabenda. Prince Sam is nearly seventy years of age, with hair and beard very grey. The latter he wore quite long, which gave him quite a patriarchal look for a darkey. He told me that he had seen during his life-time more than fifty thousand slaves shipped from Cabenda, but that he and Pogota were not engaged in



the trade at all now, King Socco having monopolized the business.

The natives of Cabenda are not a fine-looking race of men; they are generally under the middle stature, and not strongly built, but they possess great powers of endurance, and are often employed by masters of vessels on the south coast, who say that they will pull an oar in a heavy boat an entire day, without appearing to suffer; and for this reason they are preferred in these smooth waters to the Kroomen of the north coast, whose peculiar worth lies in their skill in managing a boat or canoe in the surf, or on a bad bar. The Cabendas are great thieves, and it is necessary to be on one's guard against this knavish propensity. On one occasion I went on shore to the Point to obtain some specimens of copper ore, accompanied by two of the ship's boys, carrying implements to break the rock and dig the ore. When we landed we were joined by several natives, and while proceeding to the spot, one of them, attracted by a small leathern purse which hung round the neck of one of the boys, made a sudden snatch at it, and with his knife severed the string by which it was suspended, and ran off with his prize into the jungle. As the affair happened on my friend Pogota's ground, I at once proceeded to him and made my complaint; and to his honor be it said, that in less than an hour the offender was secured by men that he sent in pursuit of him, and the stolen property returned with all that it contained.

I am led to believe, from my own observation, that the natives at this place as a tribe have nothing to do with the slave-trade, or the slave-wars: for, in the first place, they are too poor; and in the next, they are too cowardly. The King Socco, carries on his slaving operations with



some kings in the interior, and through him the numerous barracoon agents obtain their supplies, and send their returns in the shape of farina, muskets, calicoes, and other articles which compose an African cargo. Neither are the slaves kept at barracoons on the sea-shore, but are congregated in gangs at half a day's journey into the "bush," where their owners await a favorable opportunity, when no man-of-war is near, to hurry them down to the beach and put them on board the slave-ship. This is often done in one night between sun-down and day-light; and I have reason to believe that two or three cargoes were sent off directly under our guns while we have been lying at anchor off the "Hook." We often saw beacon-fires on the shore at night, which were probably signals to a slaver in the offing to run in under cover of the darkness and a good sea-breeze and take in her cargo, or else to await the arrival of launch-loads of slaves to be sent off from the shore. Any one conversant with the system of slaving tactics on the coast, will understand how easily all this may be done. While we have been out, a cargo of slaves is known to have been shipped from a point between Tobocanee and Cape Mesurado, in the very heart of the Liberian territory; and so well did the English know the entire disability of the Liberian government to prevent such an occurrence, that they kept a cruiser constantly stationed there. Indeed, it will be many years, I fear, before the republic will be able by her own force to keep the slave-trade entirely out of her dominions.

With a most luxuriant soil, every thing grows in Cabenda with the least amount of cultivation; and the natives pay a good deal of attention to the raising of beans, squashes, sweet potatoes, and other kitchen vegetables, every man's hut having a small garden or patch of land attached



to it. The women perform all the field — labor, and this custom obtains very generally throughout Africa. The men employ themselves principally in fishing, and when on shore do nothing but smoke their pipes and mend their fishing-nets and lines, leaving all other work to their meek help-mates, who never complain, but go through with their drudgery quietly and cheerfully.

The houses at Cabenda are built of a species of reed, plaited like a basket, with a thatched roof, and are so low as not to admit of a man's standing erect within them, and the door is rarely more than three feet high. To allow ventilation, they have windows or little doors in the roof; and it is quite amusing on the occasion of any sudden noise or excitement so see a woolly head and naked shoulders protruding like a chimney from every house in a town. These huts are also remarkable for the air of neatness and order which pervades every thing in and about them, a pleasant peculiarity which is rarely noticeable among the other tribes on the coast.

Every habitation has its *fetish* or household god, which is provided with the best place, has food constantly placed before it, and is otherwise treated with the greatest veneration. These are generally small wooden images in human shape, decorated, painted, and dressed after the manner of the country, although sometimes the tutelar deity assumes the shape of an alligator, turtle, or other beast. The natives are very fond — for what reason I could never learn — of driving nails into these images whenever they can get them; and several that I saw were completely covered and bristling with spikes, nails, and bits of iron, which undoubtedly, in the eyes of the poor pagans, increased and strengthened their attributes.



Each man and woman have, moreover, their own personal *fetish*, worn around the neck as an amulet against the "evil eye." Sometimes this is a little bundle of straw or leaves, sometimes a little image, and sometimes a small patch-work bag, made of leather and filled with earth. Whether these are obtained from a *fetish* man or made by the natives themselves, I could not learn; but they probably select what most strikes their fancy, and the article goes through the process of consecration at the hands of the *fetish* doctor. When we first arrived at Cabenda, we were desirous to obtain some of these native charms as curiosities, and we found that although the natives would not sell them from off their own persons, they would obtain us duplicates in any quantity; and even during our short visits on shore they would carve out, with a good deal of skill, the most grotesque little wooden images, with nothing but an old rusty knife for a tool. These they appeared to set no value upon, other than the small trifles we gave for obtaining or making them.

The slave-factories give employment to a large number of the natives, and some of them make very good carpenters. I have seen several large boats at Cabenda made entirely by native carpenters; and Don Alphonso, who owns one of the largest barracoons, assured me that they acquired the use of the tools with remarkable facility, and with comparatively little instruction.

I have before spoken of the climate of Cabenda, and the south coast generally, and when it is contrasted with the rains, tornadoes, and little gales of wind which are frequent at all seasons of the year on the coast to the northward of the equator, it is really delightful. The weather is never subject to sudden change, and a heavy



squall or gale is unknown here. When it rains, the air is cool and pleasant, and the whole country appears invigorated and refreshed. The land and sea-breezes are very regular, and alleviate the intolerable heat of the sun, from which, it must be acknowledged, Cabenda is not exempt. Our cruising about this place, and in fact on the whole southern coast, has passed thus far very pleasantly. We have not a sick man on the list; and we are all desirous of spending the rest of our allotted time in this vicinity, rather than run the gauntlet of the rains and tornadoes, which we are obliged to do every time that we return to Monrovia and the Cape de Verdes. The reflection has often struck us, what a vast amount of loss of life and suffering might have been saved had the Colonization Society planted their settlements in this region, instead of the murky, poisonous district which they did choose, where the young Republic of Liberia is now endeavouring to fight its way, under every disadvantage of climate, situation, and inconvenience. I doubt whether a worse locality could have been found in all Africa than the one they pitched upon.

It is now five months since we left our head-quarters at Port Praya, and to-day we sail on our return, eager to obtain the letters which we know are there awaiting from our loved ones at home. Pogota came off in a canoe to take leave of us this morning, and brought me a fine parrot, which in return for my first caresses nearly took off the end of one of my fingers in his powerful beak. Two English brigs of war are exercising their crews at sending down yards, and going through other nautical manœuvres, as we call "all hands up anchor;" and to the tune of "Old King Cole" the men walk away with the deck-tackle, and soon our little brigantine, under fore-topsail,



jib and mainsail, is — I was going to say *dashing* out of the bay, but the old "Boxer" never did that; six knots with a smooth sea, and half a gale of wind on the quarter, was the most we could ever safely reckon upon; so I will substitute a more moderated expression, and say — creeping, slowly but surely, out of the bay, with her nose pointed to the northward.



## THE ASS OF LA MARCA.

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### I. THE HOG-BOY.

In the year 1530, a Franciscan was traveling on foot in the papal territory of Ancona. He was proceeding to Ascoli; but, at that time, the roads were bad, where there were any roads at all, and after wandering in what appeared to be a wilderness, he lost his bearings altogether, and came to a stand-still. A village was visible in the distance, but he was unwilling to proceed so far to ask his way, lest it might prove to be in the wrong direction. While listening intently, however, for some sound that might indicate the propinquity of human beings — for the scrubby wood of the waste, marshy land intercepted his view — he heard what appeared to be a succession of low sobs close by. Mounting a little eminence a few paces off, he saw a small company of hogs widely scattered, and searching with the avidity of famine for a dinner; and rightly conjecturing that the sounds of human grief must proceed from the swineherd, he moved on to the nearest clump of bushes, where he saw on the other side a boy about nine years of age, lying upon the soft ground, and endeavoring to smother his sobs in a tuft of coarse moss, while he dug his fingers into the mud in an agony of grief and rage. The good father allowed the storm of emotion to sweep past, and then inquired what was the matter.



"Have you lost any of your hogs?" said he.

"I do not know — and I do not care," was the answer.

"Why were you crying then?"

"Because they have been using me worse than a hog: they have been beating me — they never let me alone; always bad names, and worse blows; nothing to eat but leavings, and nothing to lie upon but dirty straw."

"And for what offense are you used thus?"

"They say I am unhandy at field-work; that I am useless in the house and the barn; that I am unfit to be a servant to the horses in the stable; and that I can not even keep the hogs together. They are hogs themselves — they be! I was clever enough at home; but my father could not keep me any longer, and so he sent me to be a farmer's drudge, and turned me out to the — the — hogs!" and the boy gave way to another passionate burst of grief. The Franciscan endeavoured to soothe him, and talked of submission to Providence; but finding he could do no good he inquired the name of the village.

"Montalto," replied the boy, sulkily.

"Montalto? Then in what direction lies Ascoli?"

"Are you going to Ascoli?" demanded the hog-boy, suddenly, as he fixed a pair of blazing eyes on the Franciscan's face in a manner that made him start. "I will show you the way," continued he, in a tone of as much decision as if he spoke of some mighty enterprise; and leaping to his feet like a boy made of India-rubber, he led through the scrubby wood of the common, kicking the hogs aside with a fierceness that drew a remonstrance from the good father. This seemed to have the desired effect. His manner softened instantaneously. He spoke in a mild, low voice; answered the questions that were addressed to him with modesty and good-sense; and astonished the Franciscan by



a display of intelligence rare enough even where natural abilities are developed by education. It was in vain, however, that he reminded his young companion that it was time for him to turn; the hog-boy seemed fascinated by the father's conversation, and always made some excuse for accompanying him a little further.

"Come, my son," said the Franciscan at length, "this must have an end, and here we part. There is a little trifle which I give you with my blessing, and so God speed you!"

"I am going further," replied the boy, quickly.

"What! to Ascoli?"

"Ay, to Ascoli—or to the end of the earth! Ah, father, if you would but get me something to do—for I am sure you can if you will; any drudgery, however humble—any thing in the world but tending hogs!"

"You forget my profession, my son, and that I am powerless out of it. You would not become a monk yourself?"

"A monk! Oh! would not I? Only try me!"

"To be a monk is to toil, watch, and pray; to live meagerly, to submit to innumerable hardships—"

"And to learn, father! to read—to think! O, what would I not submit to for the sake of knowing what there is in books!" The boy spoke with enthusiasm, and yet with nothing of the coarse impetuosity which had at first almost terrified his new acquaintance. The Franciscan thought he beheld in him the elements of a character well adapted for a religious order; and after some further conversation, he finally consented to take the stripling with him to Ascoli. They were now at the summit of an eminence whence they saw that town lying before them, and the village of Montalto hardly discernible in the distance



behind. The father looked back for a moment at his companion, in some curiosity to see how he would take leave, probably for ever, of the place of his birth. The hog-boy's hands were clenched as if the nails were imbedded in his flesh; and one arm, trembling with agitation, was stretched forth in a fierce farewell. When he turned away, the blazing eyes again flashed upon the Franciscan's face; but, in an instant, they softened, grew mild and tearful, and Felix — for that was the lad's name — followed his patron meekly into the town.

Their destination was a monastery of Cordeliers, where the ex-hog-boy was introduced to the superior, and pleased him so much by his sensible answers and modest demeanor, that he at once received the habit of a lay-brother, and was set to assist the sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. But at leisure hours he was still busier with the dust of the schools, and the lamp of theology. The brethren taught him the responses and grammar; but he never ceased to teach himself every thing he could get at; so that in the year 1534, when he was only fourteen, he was permitted to enter on his novitiate, and after the usual probation, to make his profession. He was, in short, a monk; and in ten years he had taken deacon's orders, been ordained a priest, and graduated as bachelor and doctor. Felix the hog-boy was now known as Father Montalto.

## II. THE ASS.

The world was now before the Ancona hog-boy. In his boyhood he had suffered stripes and starvation, herded unclean animals, and almost broken his heart with impotent, and, therefore, secret rage. In his youth he had been the patient drudge of a convent, and passed his leisure hours



in persevering study, and the accumulation of book-knowledge. But now he was a man, ready for his destiny, and in the midst of troublous times, when a bold, fierce, and fearless character is sure to make its way. No more secret sobs — no more cringing servility — no more studious solitude. Montalto threw himself into the vortex of the world, and struck out boldly, right and left. An impetuous and impatient temper, a haughty and dictatorial manner, were now his prominent characteristics; and these, united as they were with natural talent and solid acquirements, soon pointed him out for congenial employment. The rising monk was seen and understood by the Cardinals Carpi and Alexandrino; and by the latter he was appointed Inquisitor-general at Venice. Here was fortune for the poor trampled boy of Ancona! But to rest there was not his purpose. A little of the tranquillity he knew so well how to assume, or even the mere abstinence from violence and insult, would have retained him in his post; but instead of this he became harsh, stern, and peremptory to a degree that outraged every body who came near him, and carried out the measures he determined on, with an arbitrary vehemence that bordered on frenzy. The jealous republicans were astonished, but not terrified: the liberties of their strange tyranny were at stake: and, at length, the Venetian magnates rose like one man, and Father Montalto only escaped personal violence by flight. And so he was a martyr to the cause of the church! And so all eyes were drawn upon him, as a man ready in action, and inflexible in will. He was now invited by the Cardinal Buon-Campagno to accompany him to Madrid as his chaplain and inquisitorial adviser, the cardinal being sent thither as legate from the Pope to his Catholic Majesty. Montalto's was an office both of power and dignity, and he acquitted himself in it so zealously,



that on the legate's recall he was offered all sorts of ecclesiastical honors and preferment to induce him to settle in Spain. But the monk had other aspirations. The news of the death of Pius IV. had reached Madrid, and Montalto's patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would doubtless succeed to the papal throne. He would want assistance, and, what is more, he could repay it; and Father Montalto, rejecting the Spanish offers, hastened to Rome. He found his friend, now Pius V., mindful of his former services, and perhaps flattered by the reputation which his protégé had made in the world. He was kindly received, and immediately appointed general of his order.

And now the *ci-devant* hog-boy set to sweep the church anew, but in a different way. He no longer troubled himself with theological controversies, but punished his contumacious opponents. In four years after the accession of the new Pope he was made a bishop, and handsomely pensioned; and in the year 1570 our adventurer was admitted into the College of Cardinals.

Montalto was now fifty years of age, when the will is at its proudest, and the intellectual nature smiles at the changing hair and its prophecies of physical decay. It might be supposed that the fierce inquisitor ripened into the stern and inflexible cardinal; but no such process of developement took place. And truly it would have been somewhat inconvenient as matters stood; for his new associates — ranking with kings, every man of them, hog-boy and all! — were the intellectual flower of the time, deep and sagacious statesmen, immersed in a game of policy of which the tiara was the price, and qualified for the lofty contention not more by their talents than by the blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Colonna, and the Frangipani,



that flowed in their veins. The wild nature of Montalto appeared to be awed by the association into which he had thus been elevated. It seemed as if a vision of his stripes, and his hogs, and his besoms came back upon him, and he walked gingerly along the marble floors of the Vatican, as if alarmed at the echo. He became mild, affable, good-natured; his business was over in the world; he had nothing more to do than to enjoy. Why should he concern himself with intrigues in which he could have no possible interest? Why should he permit even his own family to disturb his dignified repose? One of his nephews, on his way to Rome to see his prodigious uncle and claim his favor, was murdered; but the cardinal, so ready in former days to punish even crimes of thought, interceded for the pardon of the assassin. The relatives who did arrive at the Mecca of their pilgrimage he lodged at an inn, and sent them home to their families the next day with a small present, telling them to trouble him no more. The only promise he made for the future was that, byandby, when old age and its infirmities came on, he might, perhaps, send for one of them to nurse his declining years.

Time wore on, and his patron, Pope Pius V., died, and was buried. This was a trouble as well as a grief to our cardinal; for, being obliged to enter the conclave like the rest, he was asked by one and another for his vote. How should he vote? He did not know whom to vote for. He was an obscure and insignificant man — he was; and the rest were all so admirably well-fitted to be Pope, that he could not tell the difference. Besides, this was the first conclave he had been in, and in path so much loftier than he was accustomed to tread, he was afraid of making a falsestep. He only wished he could vote for them all; but, as it was, he entreated them to manage the affair



without him. And so they did; and Cardinal Buon-Campagno being elected, assumed the papal crown and the name of Gregory XIII.

As for Montalto, he grew more meek, modest, and humble every day. He lived frugally, even meanly, considering his rank, and gave the residue of his income to the poor. He submitted patiently to all sorts of insults and injuries, and not only forgave his enemies, but treated them with the utmost tenderness. At this time a change appeared to take place in his health. Violent internal pains destroyed his repose; and, although he consulted all the doctors in Rome, and took physic from them all, he got no better. His disease was not the less lamentable that it was nameless. He grew thin and pale. Some said he took too much medicine. He leaned heavily on his staff. His body was bent toward the ground: he seemed like a man who was looking for his grave. Public prayers were offered up in the churches for his recovery: and sometimes with so much effect, that he appeared to be a little convalescent. At such intervals, being humble himself, he delighted to converse with humble persons — such as the domestics of cardinals and ambassadors; and, above all things, auricular confession, if it had not been the sick man's duty, would have been called his hobby. He confessed everybody he could bring to his knees: his mind became a sink through which constantly poured all the iniquities of Rome. His brother cardinals smiled at these weaknesses. The poor man was doubtless sinking into premature dotage. They gave him in ridicule a name, taken from the muddy wastes of Ancona, in the midst of which he had been picked up by the stray Franciscan: they called him The Ass of La Marca.



### III. THE POPE.

Time wore on in this way, till at length Gregory XIII. died. The event took place at a perplexing moment, for never had the College of Cardinals been so completely torn asunder by conflicting interests. There were three powerful parties so singularly well-balanced, that each felt sure of being able to elect the new Pope, and the poor Ass of La Marca, who was once more obliged to join the conclave, was half-distracted with their various claims. All they cared about was his vote; but that was important. They were compelled, however, by tradition, to go through the form of consulting him from time to time; and the cardinal, though never giving way to impatience, was pathetic in his entreaties to be let alone. According to the custom of this solemn council, each member of the holy college was shut up in a separate room; and the messengers always found Montalto's door bolted. He would reply to their eminences, he said, the moment his cough abated, the moment he felt any intermission of his excruciating pains. But why could they not proceed to business without him? The opinions of so insignificant a person could not at any time be necessary; but, surely, it was inhuman to disturb a man fast sinking under disease, and whose thoughts were fixed upon that world to which he was hastening. The conclave sat fourteen days, and even then the votes of the three parties were equally divided. What was to be done? The best way was to have a nominal Pope, for the shortest possible time, so that the struggle of the real competitors might begin anew. They accordingly elected unanimously to the papal throne — the Ass of La Marca!

On this announcement the new monarch came instantly forth from his cell, leaving behind him his staff, his cough,



his stoop, his pains, his infirmities, and his humility! He advanced with an erect figure, and a firm and dignified step into the midst of the conclave, and thanked their eminences for the honor they had conferred upon him, which he would endeavor to merit by discharging its high functions conscientiously. As he passed from the sacred council the *vivas* of the people rent the air. "Long live the Pope!" they cried: "justice, plenty, and large loaves!" "Address yourselves to God for plenty," was the answer: "*I will give you justice.*"

And he kept his word: ready, stern, severe, inflexible, impartial justice! He was impatient to see the triple crown; and before preparations could be made for his coronation, he caused the bauble to be produced, and placed on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat. The bauble? It was no bauble to him. It was the symbol of Power, just as he was himself the personification of Will. It was the thought which had governed his whole life — which had blazed even in the unconscious eyes of his boyhood. With what memories was that long gaze filled — with what resolves. The room was crowded with spectres of the past, and visions of the future, that met and blended in one homogeneous character; and as Pope Sixtus V. rose from his chair, he felt proudly that there rose with him — within him — throughout him — the hog-boy of Montalto.

The dissimulation which was so remarkable a trait in this remarkable character was now at an end, and only the fierceness, sternness, and indomitable will of the man remained. He felt himself to be placed on a height from which every thing beneath him appeared on one level. The cardinals, with their ancient blood and accomplished statesmanship, were no more to him than the meanest drudges in his dominions; and when they first attempted to remonstrate



at his proceedings, he answered them with such withering disdain, that the proudest of them quailed beneath his eye. He told them distinctly that he was not only their spiritual head but their temporal king, and that in neither capacity would he brook any interference with his authority. It was the custom, on the accession of a pope, for the prisoners to be manumitted in all the jails of Rome: and the consequence of this equivocal mercy was, that these places of durance were always full at such a time — the whole villainy of the city taking the opportunity of committing murders, robberies, and other great crimes that would be cheaply visited by a brief imprisonment. When Sixtus was asked, as a matter of form, for his sanction to the discharge of the prisoners, he peremptorily refused it. In vain the members of the holy college, in vain the civic authorities, implored him not to set tradition at defiance: he ordered for instant execution those legally deserving of death, and in the case of the others, did not abate a single day of their confinement. Even the respect paid to his own person by the populace became a crime, since it interfered with his designs. The perpetual *vivas* with which he was greeted made his whereabouts so public that he could not come unawares into any suspected place, and he issued an order forbidding such demonstrations. One day, however, two citizens were so enthusiastic in their loyalty that they could not repress the cry of "Long live the Pope!" which rose to their lips; whereupon the offenders were instantly laid hold of by the orders of Sixtus, and received a hearty flogging.

This *parvenu* pope treated with other monarchs with the unbending dignity which might have been looked for in the descendant of a line of kings; and in some cases — more especially that of Spain — he exhibited the uncom-



promising sternness of his character. But where the interest of his policy was not involved — where the actors in the drama of life moved in circles that had no contact with his — he admired with all his impulsive soul a masculine and independent spirit. So far did he carry his admiration of our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, who was his contemporary, that one might almost fancy the solitary monk day-dreaming of those times when even popes were permitted a mortal bride. He is said to have given her secret intimation of the approaching Armada of his Catholic Majesty; and when the head of the Catholic Queen of Scotland rolled under the axe of the executioner, he is described as having emitted an exclamation of fierce and exulting applause at this memorable exhibition of will and power.

And so Sixtus lived, and reigned, and died — a stern, strong spirit of his day and generation, leaving a broad trail in history, and a lasting monument in the architectural stones of Rome. In the biography of common men, who are swayed by changing currents of passion and circumstance, it would be vain to attempt to explain actions and reconcile inconsistencies, as we have done here, by viewing all their doings, and all the phases of their character, with reference to a leading principle. But Sixtus was governed from his birth by one great thought, though fully developed only by the force of events — a thought as obvious in the hog-boy of Ancona, or the drudge of the Cordeliers, as in the monk Mentalto, the inquisitor, the cardinal, and the pope.

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## SATURDAY IN A LONDON MARKET.

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From May hew's "London labor and the London Poor."

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On a Saturday — the coster's business day — it is computed that as many as 2000 donkey-barrows, and upward of 3000 women with shallows and head-baskets visit this market during the forenoon. About six o'clock in the morning is the best time for viewing the wonderful restlessness of the place, for then not only is the "Garden" itself all bustle and activity, but the buyers and sellers stream to and from it, in all directions, filling every street in the vicinity. From Long Acre to the Strand on the one side, and from Bow-street to Bedford-street on the other, the ground has been seized upon by the market-goers. As you glance down any one of the neighbouring streets, the long rows of carts and donkey-barrows seem interminable in the distance. They are of all kinds, from the green-grocer's taxed cart to the coster's barrow — from the showy excursion-van to the rude square donkey-cart and brick-layer's truck. In every street they are ranged down the middle and by the curb-stones. Along each approach to the market, too, nothing is to be seen, on all sides, but vegetables; the pavement is covered with heaps of them waiting to be carted; the flagstones are stained green with the leaves trodden under foot; sieves and sacks full of



apples and potatoes, and bundles of broccoli and rhubarb, are left unwatched upon almost every door-step; the steps of Covent Garden Theatre are covered with fruit and vegetables; the road is blocked up with mountains of cabbages and turnips; and men and women push past with their arms bowed out by the cauliflowers under them, or the red tips of carrots pointing from their crammed aprons, or else their faces are red with the weight of the loaded head-basket.

The donkey-barrows, from their number and singularity, force you to stop and notice them. Every kind of ingenuity has been exercised to construct harness for the costers' steeds; where a buckle is wanting, tape or string make the fastening secure; traces are made of rope and old chain, and an old sack or cotton handkerchief is folded up as a saddle-pad. Some few of the barrows make a magnificent exception, and are gay with bright brass; while one of the donkeys may be seen dressed in a suit of old plated carriage-harness, decorated with coronets in all directions. At some one of the coster conveyances stands the proprietor, arranging his goods, the dozing animal starting up from its sleep each time a heavy basket is hoisted on the tray. Others, with their green and white and red load neatly arranged, are ready for starting, but the coster is finishing his breakfast at the coffee-stall. On one barrow there may occasionally be seen a solitary sieve of apples, with the horse of some neighboring cart helping himself to the pippins while the owner is away. The men that take charge of the trucks, while the costers visit the market, walk about, with their arms full of whips and sticks. At one corner a donkey has slipped down, and lies on the stones covered with the cabbages and apples that have fallen from the cart.



The market itself presents a beautiful scene. In the clear morning air of an autumn day the whole of the vast square is distinctly seen from one end to the other. The sky is red and golden with the newly-risen sun, and the rays falling on the fresh and vivid colors of the fruit and vegetables, brighten up the picture as with a coat of varnish. There is no shouting, as at other markets, but a low murmuring hum is heard, like the sound of the sea at a distance, and through each entrance to the market the crowd sweeps by. Under the dark Piazza little bright dots of gas-lights are seen burning in the shops; and in the paved square the people pass and cross each other in all directions, hampers clash together, and excepting the carter from the country, every one is on the move. Sometimes a huge column of baskets is seen in the air, and walks away in a marvelously steady manner, or a monster railway van, laden with sieves of fruit, and with the driver perched up on his high seat, jolts heavily over the stones. Cabbages are piled up into stacks, as it were. Carts are heaped high with turnips, and bunches of carrots, like huge red fingers, are seen in all directions. Flower-girls, with large bundles of violets under their arms, run past, leaving a trail of perfume behind them. Wagons, with their shafts sticking up in the air, are ranged before the salesmen's shops, the high green load railed in with hurdles, and every here and there bunches of turnips are seen flying in the air over the heads of the people. Groups of apple-women, with straw pads on their crushed bonnets, and coarse shawls crossing their bosoms, sit on their porter's knots, chatting in Irish, and smoking short pipes; every passer-by is hailed with the cry of "Want a baskit, yer honor?" The porter, trembling under the piled-up hamper, trots along the street, with his teeth clenched, and shirt



wet with the weight, and staggering at every step he takes.

Inside, the market is all bustle and confusion. The people walk along with their eyes fixed on the goods, and frowning with thought. Men in all costumes, from the coster in his corduroy suit to the greengrocer in his blue apron, sweep past. A countryman, in an old straw hat and dusty boots, occasionally draws down the anger of a woman for walking about with his hands in the pockets of his smock-frock, and is asked, "if that is the way to behave on a market-day?" Even the granite pillars can not stop the crowd, for it separates and rushes past them, like the tide by a bridge pier. At every turn there is a fresh odor to sniff at; either the bitter aromatic perfume of the herbalists' shops breaks upon you, or the scent of oranges, then of apples, and then of onions, is caught for an instant as you move along. The broccoli tied up in square packets, the white heads tinged slightly red, as it were, with the sunshine — the sieves of crimson love-apples, polished like china — the bundles of white glossy leeks, their roots dangling like fringe; the celery, with its pinky stalks and bright green tops, the dark purple pickling-cabbages, the scarlet carrots, the white knobs of turnips, the bright yellow balls of oranges, and the rich brown coats of the chestnuts — attract the eye on every side. Then there are the apple-merchants, with their fruit of all colors, from the pale yellow green to the bright crimson, and the baskets ranged in rows on the pavement before the little shops. Round these the customers stand examining the stock, then whispering together over their bargain, and counting their money. "Give you four shillings for this here lot, master," says a coster, speaking for his three companions. "Four-and-six is my price," answers the salesman. "Say four,



and it's a bargain," continues the man. "I said my price," returns the dealer; "go and look round, and see if you can get 'em cheaper; if not, come back. I only want what's fair." The men, taking the salesman's advice, move on. The walnut-merchant, with the group of women before his shop, peeling the fruit, their fingers stained deep brown, is busy with the Irish purchasers. The onion stores, too, are surrounded by Hibernians, feeling and pressing the gold-colored roots, whose dry skins crackle as they are handled. Cases of lemons in their white paper jackets, and blue grapes, just seen above the sawdust, are ranged about, and in some places the ground is slippery as ice from the refuse leaves and walnut-husks scattered over the pavement.

Against the railings of St. Paul's Church are hung baskets and slippers for sale, and near the public-house is a party of countrymen preparing their bunches of pretty colored grass — brown and glittering, as if it had been bronzed. Between the spikes of the railing are piled up square cakes of green turf for larks; and at the pump, boys, who probably have passed the previous night in the baskets about the market, are washing, and the water dripping from their hair that hangs in points over the face. The curb-stone is blocked up by a crowd of admiring lads, gathered round the bird-catcher's green stand, and gazing at the larks beating their breasts against their cages. The owner, whose boots are red with the soil of the brick-field, shouts, as he looks carelessly around, "A cock linnet for tuppence," and then hits at the youths who are poking through the bars at the fluttering birds.

Under the Piazza the costers purchase their flowers (in pots), which they exchange in the streets for old clothes. Here is ranged a small garden of flower-pots, the musk and mignonnette smelling sweetly, and the scarlet gera-



niums, with a perfect glow of colored air about the flowers, standing out in rich contrast with the dark green leaves of the evergreens behind them. "There is myrtles, and larels, and boxes," says one of the men selling them, "and there is a harbora witus, and lauristiners, and that bushy shrub with pink spots is heath." Men and women, selling different articles, walk about under the cover of the colonnade. One has seed-cake, another small-tooth and other combs, others old caps or pig's feet, and one hawker of knives, razors, and short hatchets, may occasionally be seen driving a bargain with a countryman, who stands passing his thumb over the blade to test its keenness. Between the pillars are the coffee-stalls, with their large tin cans and piles of bread and butter, and protected from the wind by paper screens and sheets thrown over clothes-horses; inside these little parlors, as it were, sit the coffee-drinkers on chairs and benches, some with a bunch of cabbages on their laps, blowing the steam from their saucers, others, with their mouths full, munching away at their slices, as if not a moment could be lost. One or two porters are there besides, seated on their baskets, breakfasting with their knots on their heads.

As you walk away from this busy scene, you meet in every street barrows and costers hurrying home. The pump in the market is now surrounded by a cluster of chattering wenches quarelling over whose turn it is to water their drooping violets, and on the steps of Covent Garden Theatre are seated the shoeless girls, tying up the halfpenny and penny bundles.

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## EXCURSION TO GREAT ST. BERNARD.

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While visiting Switzerland in the summer of 1850, we were able to realize the long-anticipated pleasure of visiting the renowned Hospice on the top of the Great St. Bernard—an Alpine height where one may be said to look into the north of Europe on the one side, and the south, with its sunny skies, on the other. It was about six o'clock on a very delightful morning when we started from Martigny to go upon this interesting excursion.

But whilst we have been feasting our eyes with the scenery, our civil landlord of La Poste, and his most perfect waiter, have been waiting to hand us into the curtained char-a-banc which is to convey us to Liddes; after which mountain hamlet the road becomes impracticable for carriages, and we are to mount our mules. Our char-a-banc is guiltless of springs, and is in form not unlike a large bath, with a bench stretched lengthwise across it, which is lifted on wheels, in order that it may be drawn by the mule. We do not sit, as in our own conveyances, back or face to the horses, but sideways; and now, as the door is being violently slammed to, in the hopes that it will be jammed in—for lock there was none—our guide, who is at present our driver, shrugs his shoulders, and says something to the waiter; that worthy ejaculates, exclaims, tosses his hands on high, his napkin fluttering wildly, and



then with streaming hair he rushes back to the hotel, followed more leisurely by his master. Both, however, immediately reappear, laden with coats, cloaks, and mantles. In vain we remonstrate, or point to our own light, water-proof garments, or appeal to the glorious summer sky, or remind them that we shall be at the hospice before the close of the day. They know our wants far better; and so the heavy garments are stowed away under our feet, behind our backs, anywhere! Amid smiles, and bows, and "bon voyage," off we set; Edward and I rattling, jolting, bumping up and down in our *batte*, and laughing so heartily, that our guide, seeing he had to do with merry souls, joined in chorus, cracked his long whip, shouting, "Alii yip, Bardou," to the mule, which fairly became excited, and drew us as never mule did before or afterwards.

The first part of our way lay through the usual character of Alpine scenery in its gentlest aspect; but soon we exchanged it for a ruder kind: plunging into narrow gorges, with rocks, some bare, some clad with pine forests frowning over our road, always a good one. At almost every turn, a waterfall — that "laugh of the mountain" — leaped from some rocky chasm to join the impetuous waters of the Drance — a river that cannot be said to flow, but rather to dash itself furiously onwards, from its rise in the mountain near the St. Bernard, even to its less impeded progress in the valley by Martigny. The history of its inundation in 1818 is both appalling and interesting, from the heroic conduct of the men who bravely devoted themselves to stay as much as possible the devastating fury that would else have swept away whole villages. The immense fragments of rock embedded in its stream, and against which the water writhes and lashes itself into foam, are yet witnesses of the terrific occurrence: but at that time "it was



charged with ice, rocks, earth, trees, houses, cattle, and men," borne upon its surface to destruction.

The pine forests that clothe some of the mountains do not wave in one heavy mass, but are broken into numberless forms, according to the varying surface of the soil whence they spring; whilst among their red trunks and dark branches, light and shade are ever most beautifully disporting.

Sometimes we passed clusters of Swiss cottages, or *châlets*, as they are termed, perched apparently on the very edge of a precipice; sometimes, from our own elevated pathway, we looked down upon them, dotting like dark specks the base of the mountain: ever and anon the music of the bells that are fastened round the necks of cattle that roam amid the high pastures came stealing upon our ears like music from fairyland.

Our road was anything but solitary; for both yesterday and to-day are kept as annual fêtes by the people; and three hundred peasants who had been to offer their devotions at the shrine of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and had slept at the convent the previous night, were now returning to their homes. Many had come from St. Maurice, a town beyond Martigny. Their head-dress contrasted most ludicrously with the coarse and common gown, and kerchief pinned across the bosom: it consists of a narrow-rimmed black hat, that affords no protection to the eyes, and around whose high crown there are pinned in slovenly flutings the gaudiest ribbons, full a quarter of a yard wide; the more flaunting the color, the better pleased was the damsel: those bedizened with silver and gold ribbons held their heads very erect! In contrast to this, there was the pretty and appropriate mountain costume, or, as our guide called it, "the shepherdess." A simple, very



broad-rimmed straw-hat, which effectually shades the face and throat from the sun, and flapping around them at every moment, imparts a breezy freshness to the sultry air. With this all the rest of the dress is in keeping: black stuff or woollen petticoats, with dark bodices, that are laced across full linen chemisettes, these being fastened at the throat with a black velvet ribbon, white linen sleeves, stiff as starch can make them! It had often puzzled us how women, whom we knew to have been working in the fields all day, could return with these long, full sleeves, so spotless and clean; but we discovered the mystery in observing that, previous to leaving their employment, they drew forth a clean pair of stiff lappets, which they fastened with steel pins over the dirty sleeves beneath! To-day, however, no such manœuvre was necessary, as all were in their gala garb, with gold crosses, suspended by a ribbon or chain, hanging glittering on their bosoms. The men are dressed much the same as our own sturdy mountaineers — in good, homely broadcloth. Most of them had a smile for us, as well as a greeting for our guide. These pleasant rencontres passed away the time speedily; and we were somewhat surprised to find that we had already reached Liddes, of which our guide was a native, and where we were all to rest and dine.

In the little inn, we were ushered into a small room, already occupied by a numerous French family, returning from a mountain excursion, and by two parties of Italians. We were, however, accommodated with a table in the corner, and soon supplied with delicious venison, milk, bread, and a bottle of vin d'Asti, which one bottle was equal to any St. Perry. We never, afterwards, had the same good fortune when we called for similar wine. We were very hungry, and did ample justice to our excellent fare.



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The pine forests that clothe some of the mountains do not wave in one heavy mass, but are broken into numberless forms, according to the varying surface of the soil whence they spring; whilst among their red trunks and dark branches, light and shade are ever most beautifully disporting.

Sometimes we passed clusters of Swiss cottages, or *châlets*, as they are termed, perched apparently on the very edge of a precipice; sometimes, from our own elevated pathway, we looked down upon them, dotting like dark specks the base of the mountain: ever and anon the music of the bells that are fastened round the necks of cattle that roam amid the high pastures came stealing upon our ears like music from fairyland.

Our road was anything but solitary; for both yesterday and to-day are kept as annual fêtes by the people; and three hundred peasants who had been to offer their devotions at the shrine of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and had slept at the convent the previous night, were now returning to their homes. Many had come from St. Maurice, a town beyond Martigny. Their head-dress contrasted most ludicrously with the coarse and common gown, and kerchief pinned across the bosom: it consists of a narrow-rimmed black hat, that affords no protection to the eyes, and around whose high crown there are pinned in slovenly flutings the gaudiest ribbons, full a quarter of a yard wide; the more flaunting the color, the better pleased was the damsel: those bedizened with silver and gold ribbons held their heads very erect! In contrast to this, there was the pretty and appropriate mountain costume, or, as our guide called it, "the shepherdess." A simple, very



broad-rimmed straw-hat, which effectually shades the face and throat from the sun, and flapping around them at every moment, imparts a breezy freshness to the sultry air. With this all the rest of the dress is in keeping: black stuff or woollen petticoats, with dark bodices, that are laced across full linen chemisettes, these being fastened at the throat with a black velvet ribbon, white linen sleeves, stiff as starch can make them! It had often puzzled us how women, whom we knew to have been working in the fields all day, could return with these long, full sleeves, so spotless and clean; but we discovered the mystery in observing that, previous to leaving their employment, they drew forth a clean pair of stiff lappets, which they fastened with steel pins over the dirty sleeves beneath! To-day, however, no such manœuvre was necessary, as all were in their gala garb, with gold crosses, suspended by a ribbon or chain, hanging glittering on their bosoms. The men are dressed much the same as our own sturdy mountaineers — in good, homely broadcloth. Most of them had a smile for us, as well as a greeting for our guide. These pleasant rencontres passed away the time speedily; and we were somewhat surprised to find that we had already reached Liddes, of which our guide was a native, and where we were all to rest and dine.

In the little inn, we were ushered into a small room, already occupied by a numerous French family, returning from a mountain excursion, and by two parties of Italians. We were, however, accommodated with a table in the corner, and soon supplied with delicious venison, milk, bread, and a bottle of vin d'Asti, which one bottle was equal to any St. Perry. We never, afterwards, had the same good fortune when we called for similar wine. We were very hungry, and did ample justice to our excellent fare.



The little room was very close from being so over-crowded, so that we did not at all regret the departure of the guests, who speedily bowed themselves out of our presence. Edward, not having been lately much of a pedestrian, doubted his powers to keep up with my mule and guide, and it was therefore agreed that he should precede us at his own leisurely pace; so with his good oaken staff he also departed.

I felt not the least uneasy in being thus left to the care of my guide. Seated on a sofa, I studied what my unfailing companion, "Murray's Hand-Book," had to say about our route; and occasionally I glanced anxiously at the clouds that began to scud across the sky more quickly than I liked.

I grew anxious to overtake my brother, who had left his overcoat and plaid with me. When, however, I anxiously inquired for the guide, the only answer I could obtain from both host and hostess was, either that he was coming, or that he could not be found. Thus full half an hour elapsed, whilst the rain beat in torrents against the windows. I lost all patience. I thought of my poor brother exposed to this pitiless storm, and again inquired if my guide had not made his appearance. No, he had not! So I desired that another might be procured, as I was most anxious about my brother. All my expostulations were vain. It was evident that, as soon as the door was closed, both host and hostess troubled themselves no more about me.

I got angry, and running down stairs, came full tilt against a boy, who was seeking for shelter in the covered archway. "My boy," said I, "do you know Jean Joumont, a guide, who lives here?" He knew him very well; and, tempted by the reward of a few batzen, brought him to me in less than five minutes. Of course no message had ever



been delivered to him from me. It was useless for him or any one to remonstrate, or to entreat me to wait till the storm was over. I had but one object before my eyes: Edward drenched to the skin, and peering out anxiously for us on an unknown and perhaps dangerous road. So I was conducted to the shed where my mule awaited me. Encumbered as I was with shawls and wrappers, it was impossible to spring into the saddle! Moreover, flung across the creature's back was a sack of provender for its refreshment at the convent, no provision being attainable in that sterile, rocky land. How was I to mount? Ah! I was told there was the substantial rope-woven dunghill placed most conveniently at the entrance of each Swiss hovel! Well, many have risen from the same stepping-stone far higher in this good world's estimation than to the back of a mule; so why should I have objected? Nevertheless I did, and scrambled into my seat as best I could. A dozen kind peasant hands helped to arrange my coverings; and as I had insisted upon my guide wearing my large Macintosh, the same party fastened it around him with many a laugh and jest at his new costume.

With the wind howling round us, and the sleet and rain beating against us, my guide and I reached the wretched hamlet of St. Pierre, where we trusted that Edward had taken shelter. A peasant informed us that a gentleman answering to his description had gone on towards the hospice. So we pushed forwards, until a merry burst of laughter made us halt under a projecting rock, and where, in its farthest recess, we discovered Edward, perfectly dry, and extremely amused at our forlorn and dripping appearance. At first we felt provoked, but, thinking better of the matter, withdrew to the same shelter until the storm had spent its fury. With the first struggling sunbeam we



pursued our route, our guide pointing out to us the spot where Napoleon fell as he preceded his artillery in 1800, and where he encountered the greatest natural obstacles to his ambitious career across the Alps. We left this route above us, and gladly pursued the "excellent road cut by the Valaisans across the precipices which overhang the deep course of the Drance, avoiding the steep rises and falls of the old road, and leading us by a safe path which their daring engineers have cut out of the rock through a savage and appalling defile." — (*Murray.*) The trees and shrubs are now dwarfs in comparison to their brethren of the valley; but there is rich pasturage in the Prou, where numerous herds are feeding. We still ascend and come on a dreary, naked scene: not a blade of grass, not a sign of vegetable life; brown rocks, snow and ice. We shiver, our teeth chatter, and we draw our mantles more closely about us; my feet are benumbed. Six hours ago we could hardly endure the heat! We ask anxiously if that enormous mass of rock, which seems to shut out all further egress from the valley, is not the Great St. Bernard. No; it is Mount Velau, and the guide points out the threadlike pathway. We have now reached the last human habitation ere we arrive at the hospice — a small inn that can only be inhabited in summer. I gladly enter, to draw more stockings over my frozen feet. The peasants within are laughing, dancing, and drinking; the good-natured hostess pulls a blanket off her bed, and tucks me in it upon the mule. Three Piedmontese with returned mules joined us here. One, a very handsome lad, sat with his face to his mule's tail, in order to converse more freely with his companion who followed. Edward had also mounted a returned mule by the guide's advice, and he headed our party, all winding along the edge of the rock in Indian file. Be the road



ever so wide, the mule chooses the edge; they derive this habit from being taught, when carrying burdens, to keep as far from the mountain-wall as possible; the least concussion against it would overbalance them on a narrow pathway, and would hurl them over the precipices. The Drance must now be crossed over the wooden plank; but is it wood or ice? The merry back-rider shouts "Coraggio, Signora!" and slipping and sliding, we venture over, and are safe on the other side. And as we still climb the icy pathway, my guide points to a small hollow between two rocks, and tells that had it not been for the Brethren of St. Bernard, he would have died there three years ago. He, with two other men, had urgent business to transact at Aosta, which lies on the other side of the Pass of the Great St. Bernard. It was in the spring, when the sun's influence detaches the avalanches from their snowy bed, and when, therefore, it is the most dangerous time to travel in their vicinity. It was a dull day when they set off from Oasieres, but they did not anticipate rain; at Liddes, however, a drizzling mist fell round them, which by the time they had reached the miserable inn where I had been lent the blanket, had turned into sleet and snow. The house was not yet occupied, it being too early to venture a residence there. So they pushed onwards, never speaking, for fear the sound of their voices should detach the loosened masses of snow that slightly adhered to the mountain's sides, and congratulating themselves each in his heart that thus far they had safely journeyed towards the hospitable walls of the convent, where they were sure of a welcome for the night. But on crossing the Drance, to their utter dismay all traces of the path to the convent had been obliterated by the recent fall of snow: to return to Liddes was hopeless; the shades of evening were closing in fast



upon them. With beating hearts and uncertain steps they sought for the lost path in every direction — in vain. Terrified and bewildered, they seemed to be hunting in a magic circle. At last Jean declared that he had discovered it; the other two maintained he was mistaken; but he toiled onwards until, as his friends had refused to follow him, he lost faith in himself, and, as he expressed it, sank upon the ground with a “dying heart;” and whence he instantly slipped down a shelving projection of the rock. His last recollection was hearing a terrific explosion, as if the solid rock had been rent from its base, and of his agonizing struggle to extricate himself from the soft, yielding snow, which, the more he wrestled with it, the more effectually wrapped him in its stifling embrace. He had a sensation of for ever sinking — sinking! — and he remembered no more, as all consciousness forsook him.

The monks of the hospice were out in that awful hour on their charitable mission, as is their usual custom. Provided with lanterns, and carrying vials of restoratives, and accompanied by their dogs, they had sallied forth in quest of any helpless travellers who, like Jean and his companions, might have lost their way across that dreary solitude. The unerring instinct of the dogs led them to the place where Jean was buried. They burrowed beneath the snow, scenting their course; whilst their long bushy tails rising above its surface told their masters at times where to follow them. When close to our poor guide's body, they commenced whining and scratching the ground. Forthwith the monks dug into the snow-heap, and discovered him almost dead! He was placed on a stretcher, and carried by them to the hospice, where they tended him with all tenderness for the following three weeks that he struggled between life and death. But notwithstanding all their skill



he has never fully recovered the shock; and his eyes are ever most painfully affected by the snow. Most fortunate it was for him that he had slipped into this crevice of the rock; for the avalanche had rolled harmlessly over it: an instant later, and he would have been inevitably crushed to death. His companions were found close to the hospice, but in the blinding snow-storm had failed to discover its proximity: they had been walking about to keep off sleep, but were at last yielding to its fatal influence, and in despair had thrown themselves on the ground.

It was with a species of veneration for its inhabitants that I gazed upon the low massive stone-walls of the Hospice of St. Bernard, which, at the conclusion of my guide's story, appeared in view. Here, 8200 feet above the level of the sea, live a community of *religieux*, who, young, accomplished, with every feeling alive to the enjoyments of the world, still voluntarily devote themselves to a life of toil and dangers. In the spring and summer time of their existence, when "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," beckon their bark forwards to sail on the stream of pleasure, they cast their anchor on this tempest-shaken rock, heart and soul, giving themselves up to the service of those fellow-beings who, in this dreary but frequented pass of the mountains, would inevitably perish without their aid. For here, across this savage solitude, is the great peasant-thoroughfare between Italy and Switzerland; across this pass come our organ-boys, our dormice-bearers, and those children of the south who swarm our streets. Almost all can tell, with raised caps in sign of reverence, that they have been welcomed on their homeless road by "Our Brethren of St. Bernard!" Without such aid hundreds would have perished. Even in the depths of winter such wanderers are forced to seek its



shelter; and the hospice has never been known to be without its guests.

As we rode up to the low dwelling, one of the brethren stood at the door, bidding farewell to a party of travellers. We alighted, and craved his hospitality for the night. He was a young man of two-and-thirty, with a pale countenance and delicate frame; and yet he braved the midnight storm in the cause of charity! His dress struck me, woman-like, at once, as being most becoming. A long frock-coat, fastened down to the front with large buttons, and descending even to the ankles; full sleeves falling over tighter ones of the same material; a white collar, worked bead-fashion with black; and a linen scarf, with black silk ends, thrown gracefully across the chest, composed an attire at once most clerical and most gentlemanly. He raised his velvet cap with courteous grace to welcome us, and expressed his pleasure at receiving an English gentleman and lady within the walls of the hospice. He was the clavendier, or the brother deputed to welcome and entertain travellers. He laughed heartily at my blanket, and at once ushered me into the reception-hall — a large room hung with pictures, the gifts of travellers, and furnished solely with a long table and chairs — after which he hastened to conduct Edward into a sleeping apartment, where he might change his thoroughly-soaked boots. By the woodfire, at the end of the hall, were crouched two Aosta girls. Immediately on my entrance they rose, and offered me a seat between them, commencing a conversation in semi-Italian and French perfectly charming, so free was it from forwardness and its opposite extreme, sullen reserve. These maidens, with their golden-bodkined hair, were enchanted when they found that I had come from England; for at first they had taken me for a Frenchwoman. England with them



was synonymous with gold; and many and curious, though not at all impertinent, were the questions they plied me with. "Was it quite true that, though we all did as we liked, we would die for our Queen? Was she very pretty?" I replied, it was quite true that we all loved our Queen, and women as well as men would fight for her were it necessary: that our Queen was a fair, blue-eyed lady, with skin so dazzlingly white, that when the ermine of her royal robe had rested on her shoulders it looked to me yellow in comparison. Upon this the two maidens raised their own sunburnt hands, and nodded their heads, until their long ear-rings swayed to and fro with the motion.

Soon the clavendier joined us, and, rather to my dismay, every word of my conversation was volubly poured forth into his attentive ears by these Aosta maidens. He entered into their interest about trifles with childlike heartiness, but soon turned to other subjects; and I found him perfectly acquainted, not only with the graver topics of the day, but also with our light literature, poetry, and recent discoveries. In all this the peasant girls mixed with a propriety, where they understood the subject, which would have astonished me had I not met with it before. They soon, however, took their leave, not without giving me a pressing invitation to bring my brother and see their beautiful Aosta. In the retirement of my own room, where I was now conducted, I could not but marvel at myself: here for an hour had I been chatting away with the monk and these peasant maidens without restraint — I, whom Edward is continually lecturing on reserve and hauteur. My bed-room contained two beds, a dressing-table, and washhand-stand, double windows but no carpet. O how bitterly cold it was! — like an icy vault. I retained my shawl; and wrapping my veil round my head, once more



descended to the hall, where I found fresh arrivals, who were conducting themselves less as guests than as travellers at a common inn. They grumbled at the lowness of the fire; so I drew out the wood from the closet whence I had seen the monk take it, and piled it on the hearth, but explained to them at the same time, that as fuel in these elevated regions was very scarce, it behooved us to husband it; and told them that for three months all the cattle of the convent were incessantly employed in bringing wood from the dangerous Val Ferret for the winter consumption, but that owing to the convent having been in forcible possession of the soldiers, even this supply had been rendered more scanty. The party assembled were infinitely more amused at my having discovered the wood-closet than concerned for the wasteful burning which ensued. The convent-bell had so often announced fresh arrivals, that before supper-time we had formed no inconsiderable party round the fire, among whom were three ladies besides myself. One poor little creature suffered cruelly from the cold, her nails being perfectly blue, and her eyes were often filling with tears from actual suffering. She was a young Italian bride! Edward and I were the only English.

Nothing could exceed the refined and polished manner of the clavendier; it was not merely gentlemanly, but *high* breeding. He had an easy way of adapting himself to all in our mixed circle, without losing one particle of his dignified self-respect—a talent in itself of no mean value. Some of us tried him not a little: questions were asked which made Edward's blue eyes flash indignantly, and which brought the color into my cheek. But nothing disturbed his equanimity: a slight smile, a kind glance towards those who were distressed by such thoughtlessness,



alone evinced his feelings; and it was admirable how gently and firmly he good-humoredly evaded queries that were neither seemly nor necessary. And yet this young monk had never left his native valley of the Valais; all the brethren, indeed, were Valaisans. Frenchmen had entered upon the duties of their order with enthusiasm, but none had ever been able to brave the rigors of a second winter. Looking at their light dress, I asked if they had not warmer garments for their night-searches in the snow, but was assured that it would be impossible to tread the paths in heavier materials. Our entertainer had been fifteen years a member of the community, and had succeeded to the office of clavendier in 1845. On the 12th of November in that year his predecessor, with three of his servants, had perished beneath an avalanche, which had buried them fifteen feet deep! What must have been his sensation when, as he informed us, he dug out the body of his friend and faithful attendants! They were out in aid of travellers when they thus perished.

Each brother, for recreation, adopts some particular study or employment. One is famous for his knowledge of languages, another for his musical talent. Four pianos have been presented to the hospice; and they often amuse themselves with composing anthems and hymns.

In the depths of winter the only method of imbibing warmth, before setting out on their midnight search, is to slide up and down the ice-banks. The clavendier was eloquent in his description of the excitement of this exercise, on a cloudless, starry night, in that region of desolate grandeur.

We had a light, excellent supper of fish, soupe-maigre, vegetables, and apples: there is an excellent cellar, which is always of the same natural temperature. The young



brother did the honors of the table with a graceful cordiality that we have never seen surpassed. Before retiring he was anxious to procure me a cup of tea, but to this I would not listen.

The gentlemen, I believe, occupied one side of the dormitory, the ladies the other. I am told "seventy or eighty travellers may be accommodated with beds; three hundred may be sheltered; and five and six hundred have received assistance in one day." There was a *grille*, or iron gate, in the centre of the passage, which no woman's foot must cross.

Oh, how freezingly cold was the night! Although I had heaped upon my bed all the furniture of the spare one, I felt chilled to the bones. The atmosphere seemed laden with ice! At four o'clock I rose from my couch, and was conducted to the chapel, whence the pealing sounds of the organ had floated to my room.

A brother of the order, self-taught, was presiding at the organ; another was ministering at the altar; guides and peasants dropped upon their knees, said a prayer, independent, apparently, of the service then being performed, and departed. I had been conducted into the small space before the organ, whence I looked over the whole chapel. Beside me knelt a Capuchin friar; with sandaled feet, shaven crown, and dirty brown gown, girdled with a rope! As a Protestant, I could not enter into their whole form of worship; but I prayed sincerely in my own tongue for this benevolent and self-denying community.

After a cup of coffee and a roll we strolled forth, a small party under the guidance of the clayendier, to see the convent garden—a few feet of earth, containing a few lettuces! We gazed into the Inky Lake, where no fish can live; and placed ourselves with one foot in Italy and one in Switzer-



land; for here lies their respective boundary. And whilst the gentlemen visited the *morgue*, or dead-house — that melancholy receptacle for those unhappy wanderers who perish in the snow, and who, by the rarity of the atmosphere, are kept in a state of wonderful preservation — I sought for such hardy plants as *try* to blossom here.

We returned, glowing with our ramble, to the hospice; the dogs, ten in number, gambolling and fighting around us. Before taking final leave, we repaired once more to the chapel, there to drop into the slit of the poor-box some acknowledgment of the kind hospitality we had received. With travellers, it is perfectly optional to give or to withhold a donation. But mean and niggardly in the extreme must be that hand that does not here give abundantly.

We have shaken hands with the courteous, kind brother clavendier; Jean is beside us; the mule descends the icy causeway; and though we turn our heads to the last to catch a parting glance of the hospice of the great St. Bernard, it soon vanishes from our sight — not so from our hearts, where it will be ever remembered with a blessing and a prayer.

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## THE IRON RING.

### A TALE OF GERMAN ROBBERS AND GERMAN STUDENTS.

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"I am inclined to side with our friend," said the venerable pastor, "and I would rather not see you so sceptical, Justus. I have known, in my own experience, several remarkable instances of presentiments; indeed, on one occasion, I and those who were with me, all save one, greatly profited by the strange prophetic apprehension of one of our party. Would we had listened to him sooner! But it was not so to be."

"Come, tell us the story, dear grandfather," said Justus; "it will doubtless edify our guest; and, as for me, I do not object to be mystified, now and then."

"Justus, Justus, lay aside that scoffing mask. You put it on, I know, to look like another Mephistopheles, but you do not succeed."

"Do not I?" returned Justus, with a smile. "Well, grandfather, that ought to be a comfort to you."

"No, you do not, so you may as well give up trying. But come, if you would really like to hear the story" (the fact was, that the good man was anxious to tell it, and feared to lose the opportunity), "I shall be happy to please you. I think, however, we shall be better out of doors. Let us go and take our wine under the great plane-tree.



You had as well bring your chair with you, my young friend" (this was addressed to me), "for the bench is somewhat hard. And Trinchen, my girl, put glasses on a tray, and some bottles of wine in a pail, and bring them out to us under the great planetree. And you, Justus, my boy, be kind enough to transport thither this big chair of mine, like a dutiful grandson and a stout, as you are."

We were soon established in the pleasant shade. The pastor took an easy posture in his chair, when, after many efforts, Justus had coaxed it into touching the ground with all its four legs at once; I straddled across the seat of mine, and, placing my arms on the back, reposed the bowl of my long pipe on the ground; and Justus, with his cigar in his mouth — the twentieth, or thereby, that day — threw himself down on the turf at a convenient distance from the wine-pail, prepared to replenish our glasses, as need might be. Noble glasses they were, tall and green, with stalks to be grasped, not fingered.

"It is now nearly sixty years ago," began the pastor, when our arrangements were complete, "a long time — a long time, indeed, to bear the staff of one's pilgrimage. I was then in my third year at the university, and was something like what you are now, Justus — a merry, idle, and thoughtless student, but not a very bad boy either."

"Thank you, grandfather," said Justus; "however, that accounts for your being the man you are at your years."

"No, it does not," said the old man, smiling; "but let me tell my story, my boy, without interrupting me — at least, unless you have something better to say than that. As I was saying, I was in my third year, and, of course, I had many acquaintances. I had, however, only two friends. One was a countryman of yours, young gentle-



man, and his name was Macdonald. The name of the other was Laurenberg."

"Why, that was my grandmother's name!" said Justus

"Laurenberg was your grandmother's brother," continued the pastor, "and the event I am about to relate to you was the means of my becoming acquainted with her. But has any one ever told you his fate, Justus?"

"No," said Justus, "I never before even heard of him."

"That is not wonderful, my boy; for, since his sister was taken from me, there has been no one but me to remember my poor Laurenberg. But, as I was saying, these two were my only friends. That summer, when the vacation came, we three resolved to make a pedestrian tour together. (Fill our glasses, Justus.) So, after some discussion, we decided on visiting the great Thuringian Forest, and one fine morning off we set. Just as we got beyond the town, Macdonald said: 'My dear brothers, let us return; this expedition will bring us no good.' 'You would almost make one think you were a prophet,' said Laurenberg, with mock gravity. 'And what if I be?' cried the other, quickly. 'Why, then, do not be a prophet of evil — that is to say, unless you can not help it. Come, my dear fellow.' 'I tell you,' interrupted Macdonald, 'that, if we go on, one of us will never see Göttingen again — and Laurenberg, my beloved Laurenberg, it is you who will be that one. You will never return, unless you return now. I tell you this, for I know it.' 'Oh, nonsense,' said the other; 'pray, how do you know it?' It seemed to me that Macdonald slightly shuddered at the question, but he went on as if not heeding it: 'He of us three who first left the house, is destined never to enter it again, and that was the reason why I tried to get out before you. You, Laurenberg, in your folly, ran past me, and it is thus on



you that the lot has fallen. Laugh if you will; if you had let me go before you, I would have said nothing; but as it is, I say, laugh if you will, and call me a dreamer, or what you please, only return, my friends, return. Let us go back.' 'Let us go on. Forward!' cried Laurenberg; 'I do not laugh at you, my brother, but I think you are scarcely reasonable; for either you have truly foreseen what is to happen, or you have not. If you have, then what is to happen *will* happen, and we cannot avoid it; if you have not, why, then it will not happen, and that is all. Either you foresee truly my destiny —' He was going on, but Macdonald interrupted him: 'It is with such reasoning that men lose themselves in this world — and in the next,' he added, after a pause. 'Oho! dear schoolfox,' returned the other, 'we have not undertaken our march to chop logic and wind metaphysics, but, on the contrary, to be merry and enjoy ourselves. So,' and he sung:

"There wander'd three Burschen along by the Rhine;  
At the door of a wine-house, they knocked and went in,  
Landlady, have you got good beer and wine?"

'Laurenberg, your gaiety is oppressive, interrupted Macdonald; 'why sing that song? You know there is death in it.' 'It is true,' replied Laurenberg, somewhat gravely, 'the poor little daughter of the landlady lies in her coffin. Another stave, then, if you like it better:

"Up, brothers! up! enjoy your life!"

and so on he went with that stupid song."

"Stupid!" cried Justus, rising suddenly on his elbow; "stupid, did you say, grandfather?"

"Well, my boy, I think it stupid now, though at your age, perhaps, I thought differently. But there," continued



the pastor, "I was sure of it; I never can keep both my pipe and my story going at the same time. Give me a light, Justus. Thank you. Those matches are a great invention. In our time, it was all flint, and steel, and trouble. Now, fill our glasses, and then I shall go on again."

Justus obeyed, and his worthy relative thus proceeded:

"Notwithstanding all his singing, Laurenberg was evidently more impressed by our companion's words than he was willing to own; and, as for me, I was much struck with them, for your countryman, young stranger, was no common man. But all that soon wore off. Even Macdonald seemed to forget his own forebodings. We marched on right cheerfully. That night we stopped at Heiligenstadt, very tired, for it was a long way for lads so little used to walking as we were."

"Did you put up at the Post, grandfather?" asked Justus. "It is a capital inn, and the landlady is both pretty and civil. I staid there when I went from Cassel to Halle."

"I do not remember where we put up," replied the pastor, "but it is scarcely likely we put up at the Post. In those days, students preferred more modest hostelries. Do not interrupt me. The next night we slept at Dingelstadt; and I remember that at supper Laurenberg knocked over the salt-cellar, and that Macdonald said: 'See, I told you! every thing shows it!' Next night we were at Mühlhausen, making short journeys, you see; for, after all, our object was to enjoy, not to tire ourselves. Mühlhausen is a very prettily situated town, and, though I have never been there since, I remember it quite well. The next afternoon we got to a place whose name I forget at this moment. Stay — I think it was Langensalza; yes, it was Langensalza; and the following day we arrived at Gotha,



and lodged at the sign of the Giant, in the market-place. Gotha is the chief town in the duchy, and—”

Here the worthy pastor diverged into a description of Gotha and its environs. This, however, I lost, for, the interest of the story ceasing, I went off into a sort of reverie, from which I was awakened only by the abrupt cessation of the tale, and the words, “Justus, my boy, you are not asleep, are you? Give me a cigar; my pipe is out again.”

Justus complied, and the old man, leaning his long pipe, with the rich bowl, against the great plane-tree, received “fire” from his grandson, lit the Cuba, and, after admonishing the youth to fill our glasses, thus went on:

“Our new friends were students from Jena. They were each of a different country. One was a Frenchman; one a Pole; the third alone was a German. They were making a sort of pilgrimage to the different places remarkable for events in the life of Luther — had been at Erfurt, to see his cell in the orphan-house there, and were now going to Eisenach and the Castle of Wartburg, to visit the Patmos of ‘Junker George.’ However, on hearing that we proposed marching through the Thuringian Forest, they gave up their original plan, and agreed to join us, which pleased us much, for all three were fine fellows. That night we got to Ohrdruff, and the next day we set off for Suhl. But we were not destined ever to reach that town. About noon, Laurenberg said: ‘Come, brothers, do you not find this road tiresome? This is the way every body goes. Suppose we strike off the road, and take this footpath through the wood. Is it not a pleasure to explore an unknown country, and go on without knowing where you will come to? For my part, I would not have come so far only to follow a beaten track, where you meet carts and car-



riages, and men and women, at every step. If all we wanted was to walk along a road, why, there are better roads near Göttingen. Into the wood, say I! Why, who knows but there may be an adventure before us? Follow me!’ Macdonald would have remonstrated, but our new friends, and I also, I am sorry to say, felt much as Laurenberg did, so we took the foot path, and plunged into the forest. We soon thought ourselves repaid. The solitude seemed to deepen as we proceeded. Excepting the almost imperceptible footpath, every thing bespoke the purest state of nature. The enormous pines that towered over our heads seemed the growth of ages. Great red deer stared at us from a distance through the glades, as if they had never before seen such animals as we, and then bounded away in herds. High up we saw many bustards —”

Here my excellent host launched in a current of descriptive landscape, which, though doubtless very fine, was almost entirely lost to me, for my thoughts again wandered. From time to time, the words “valleys,” “mountains,” “crags,” “streamlets,” “gloom,” “rocks,” “Salvator Rosa,” “legends,” “wood-nymphs,” and the like, fell on my ear, but failed to recall my attention. And this must have lasted no little time, for I was at length aroused by his asking for another cigar, the first being done.

“The glen gradually opened out into a plain,” resumed the pastor, “and our progress became easier. We, however, had no idea where we were, or which way to turn in order to find a resting-place for the night; we were completely lost, in short. Nevertheless, we pressed on as fast as our tired limbs would admit of, and after half an hour’s march across the wooded level, we were rewarded by coming on a sort of road. It was, indeed, nothing more than the tracks of hoofs upon the turf, but we were in



ecstasies at its appearance. After some deliberation as to whether we should take to the right or to the left along it, we resolved on following it to the right. Half an hour more, and we saw before us a house among the trees. It was a cheerful sight to us, and we gave a shout of joy. 'I trust they will give us hospitality,' said Richter, the German from Jena. 'If not,' exclaimed his French friend, 'it is my opinion that we will take it.' 'What! turn robbers?' said the Pole, laughing. 'It is a likely looking place for robbers,' remarked Macdonald, looking rather uneasily round him. We soon reached the house. It was a long building, with low walls, but a very high thatched roof. At one end was a kind of round tower, which seemed much older than the rest of the structure. It might at one time have been much higher than it then was, but in its actual state it scarcely overtopped the gable built against it. Fill our glasses, Justus, if you please."

"Ready, grandfather," said Justus. "But, before you go on, tell us something of the personal appearance of Laurenberg and Macdonald. As for the Jena boys, I do not care about them."

"Laurenberg, Justus, was a tall and very handsome lad. His golden hair curled over his shoulders, for he wore it very long, and his blue eyes were like his sister's. Macdonald, again, was rather under the middle height; his features were dark, and his expression composed, or perhaps, I should rather say, melancholy. Laurenberg was always gay, vivacious, and even restless; Macdonald, on the contrary, was usually listless, almost indolent. But, as you will see, when the time of need came, he was a man of iron. But where was I? Yes, I remember. Well, we came up to the door, and knocked at it. It was opened, after a short delay, by a young girl. The evening shadows



were closing in, but, even by the imperfect light we had, we could see she was very beautiful."

"Ha! grandfather, come, that is very interesting!" cried Justus.

"Do not interrupt me, my boy. We could see she was very beautiful. We asked if we could be accommodated for the night, and she answered very readily that we could, but that we should have to sleep all in one room, and that we must be content with a poor supper. 'You will give us the best you have, at all events,' said Richter; 'we are well able to pay for it;' and he jingled his money-pouch. 'Oh, that I do not doubt!' said she, her eyes glistening at the sound; 'but my old grandmother and I live alone here, so we have not much to offer.' 'You two live alone in this large house?' said Macdonald, rather harshly. The girl turned her eyes on him for the first time — Richter had been our spokesman — and she seemed somewhat confused at the scrutinizing glance she met. 'Yes,' said she, at last; 'my father, and his father before him, were foresters here — we were not always so poor — and since their death, we have been allowed still to occupy the place.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Macdonald, in a softer tone. 'But why,' resumed he, in a sharp, quick way — 'why must we all sleep in one room?' The girl gave him a keen, inquiring look, as if to ask what he meant by his questions, and then answered firmly, 'Because, sir, besides our own room, we have only one other furnished. But had you not better walk in? You seem tired, gentlemen; have you come far?' 'To be sure we have, my pretty girl,' said the Frenchman; 'and the fact is, we have lost our way. But why do we stand talking here? Let us go in, my lads.' 'Stay a moment, my friends,' interposed Macdonald. 'We should perhaps be burdensome to you,' said he, addressing



the girl: 'how far is it to the nearest inn?' 'About two hours' good walking,' replied she. 'And which is the way?' he asked. 'This bridle-road,' said she, 'will bring you in an hour to a countr-ryoad. By turning to your left, you will then reach Arnstadt in another.' 'Good,' said Macdonald; 'many thanks. It is my advice, my friends, that we push on to Arnstadt.' 'What!' cried the Pole, 'two hours more walking! If we were on horseback it would be different; but on foot, I will not go another yard;' and, as he spoke, he entered the house. 'I beg you a thousand pardons, mademoiselle, for keeping you here so long, and a heavy dew falling, too. Come, let us in at once,' said the Frenchman, and he followed the Pole. 'It would certainly be far more comfortable to have good beds at Arnstadt,' said Richter, 'instead of sleeping six in a room; but I am too tired;' and he, too, went in. Macdonald cast an imploring look at Laurenberg, who seemed irresolute. But at the same moment the girl, who had already made a step to follow our Jena companions into the house, turned slowly round, and, throwing a bewitching glance at my poor friend, said, in a voice full of persuasion, 'And you, fair young sir?' At that moment, the moon, which had risen, passed from behind a cloud, and, throwing her light on the maiden's features, gave them an almost unearthly beauty. As for Macdonald, he remained in the shade; but his expressive eye flashed a look of stern warning such as I had never seen it assume before. I shall never forget that scene. Laurenberg was between his good and his evil angel. But so it is ever. Poor humanity is constantly called on to make the choice; and alas! how much oftener is the evil preferred than the good! In this world —"

But here Justus, who seemed greatly to dread his grandfather's homilies, and to have an instinctive presentiment



of their approach, rose on his knees to fill our glasses. This done, he exclaimed: "That is a bad cigar, grandfather. It does not burn even, and, besides, the ash is quite black: throw it away, and take another."

The interruption was successful. "Thank you, my boy," said the pastor. "Do not, however, break in so often on my story. Where was I?"

"Laurenberg was just about to go into the house with the beautiful maiden — at least, I suppose so," said Justus.

"Yes," resumed the old man. "After a moment's hesitation, he took her hand, which she yielded easily, and they entered together. 'Come,' said Macdonald to me, with a sigh, 'since it must be so, we must go with them.' He took my arm, and continued: 'We enter here according to our degrees of wisdom and folly — the Pole first, you and I last; but who is to pay for their blindness?' Give me a light, Justus. Is that the same wine? It seems to me a little hard."

"It is the same wine," said Justus. "Perhaps you find it hard, because it is cooler than the first."

"It may be so. Well, we went in, entering by a passage into a kind of hall. Here we heard the Frenchman's voice: 'Come along, my beauty, and show us your wonderful and enchanted chamber, where we are to sleep; for I suppose it is there we are to sup, too. I have been trying all the doors, and not one of them will open.' 'This way, gentlemen,' said the girl, disengaging herself from Laurenberg, and opening one of several doors which entered off the place we were in. 'That is your grandmother, I suppose?' said Macdonald, pointing to a figure bending over a small fire, which was expiring on the hearth. 'Good evening, my good woman; you seem to feel chilly;' and,



as he addressed these latter words to the crouching creature, he made a step as if he would approach; but the girl, quickly grasping his arm, whispered in his ear, 'Do not disturb her. Since my father's death, she scarcely ever speaks to any one but me. She is very old and feeble. Pray, leave her alone.' Macdonald threw another of his penetrating glances at the girl, but said nothing, and he and I followed her along a passage, some twenty paces in length, and very narrow. At the end of it was another door, and this opened into the chamber we were to occupy. It was a round room, and we immediately guessed that it formed the under story of the tower we had remarked. The girl brought a lamp, and we found that the furniture consisted of a table and some stools, a large press, a heap of mattresses and bedding, a few mats of plaited straw, and a pile of firewood. The most curious thing about the place, however, was a strong pole, or rather mast, which stood in the very centre, and seemed to pass through the roof of the room. This roof, which was at a considerable distance from the floor, was formed — a thing I had never seen before — of furze-bushes, supported upon slender branches of pine, and appeared so rickety as to threaten every moment to come down about our heads. On questioning the girl, I was told that the mast supported the outer roof, which was possible enough. 'In the first place,' said Richter to the damsel, when we had seated ourselves, and she seemed to wait for our orders, 'is this an inn, or is it not?' 'You may see, gentlemen,' replied she, 'by the scantiness of the accommodation, that it is not exactly an inn. Nevertheless, you can make yourselves at home, as if it was, and welcome.' 'Good. Then, in the second place, have you any wine?' 'Plenty. We sell a good deal to the foresters, who pass here often, and so have always



a supply.' 'Where is it,' asked Macdonald. 'Below, in the cellar.' 'Very well,' returned he. 'I and two more of us will go down and help you to bring up a dozen bottles or so, if you will show us the way.' 'Certainly,' said she. While Macdonald and two of the others were absent with her, I contrived to light a fire, and the Frenchman, on exploring the press, having found that it contained plates, knives, and forks, he and the Pole laid the table; so that when the others, laden with bottles, re-appeared, the place had somewhat of a more cheerful look. 'They have not had time to drug our wine, at least,' whispered Macdonald to me. 'Pooh, my friend,' returned I, 'you are far too suspicious. You will smile to-morrow at having had such ideas.' 'We shall see,' said he. Presently, the girl brought in some bacon, some eggs, and a piece of venison. These we cooked ourselves, staying our appetite, in the mean time, with bread and wine. Then we made a hearty supper and became very merry. Richter and the Pole plied the bottle vigorously, while Laurenberg and the Frenchman vied with each other in somewhat equivocal gallantries to the damsel. As for Macdonald, he wore an expression of mingled resignation, vigilance, and resolution, which made me uncomfortable, I knew not why—"

"Come, grandfather, do not keep us so long in suspense. Tell us at once if Macdonald's suspicions were well-founded," exclaimed Justus. "Had you fallen into a den of thieves, or were you among honest people? Were you all robbed and murdered before morning, or were you not?"

"Justus, my boy, you must let me tell my story my own way," said the old pastor; "and pray do not interrupt me again. Where was I?"

"At supper grandfather."



“True. When we had supped, smoked a few pipes, and finished our wine, we began to make our beds. As we were so occupied, the girl came in and offered to help us. We readily consented, for we were tired enough. In a very short time, she had made six beds on the floor. ‘Why do you lay them all with the head to the middle of the room?’ asked Macdonald, observing that all the pillows were ranged round the mast in a circle, and as near it as possible. — ‘That is the way I always do,’ said she, with a careless air. But she did not succeed in concealing a certain strange expression which her features assumed for a moment, and which both Macdonald and I remarked, without understanding it. We well understood afterward what it meant. As she was retiring, the Frenchman and Laurenberg assailed her with some rather too free jokes. She turned, and cast on them a look of ineffable indignation and scorn; then, without a word, she passed out at the door, and closed it behind her. We all admired her for her modesty and virtue. Fill our glasses, Justus. But appearances are deceitful; this world is but a vain show; all is not gold that glitters; and —”

But, a second time, Justus cut short the homely. He dextrously spilt some of the wine, as he performed his Ganymedian office, and so drew down on himself a mild sarcasm for his awkwardness.

Forgetting the sermon he had begun, the old man therefore thus went on: “All, except Macdonald, were soon in bed. We had, however, only half undressed. As for Macdonald, he drew a stool toward the fire, and, seating himself, buried his face in his hands, as if in thought. I almost immediately fell asleep, and must have slept for some time, for when I awoke the fire was out. But I did not awaken of myself; it was Macdonald who aroused me.



He did the same to the others. He had thrown himself on his bed, and spoke in a whisper, which, however, as our heads were close together, was audible to all. 'Brothers,' said he, 'listen; but for your lives make no noise, and, above all, do not speak. From the first moment we arrived at this house, I feared that all was not right; now I am sure of it. It seemed odd to me that two solitary women should inhabit so large a house; that the girl should have been so ready, or rather so anxious to receive us; that she should have shown no fear of six young men, all strangers to her; and I said to myself: 'She and her grandmother do not live here alone; she depends upon aid, if aid be necessary, and that aid is not far off.' Again, I am used to read the character in the countenance, and, despite her beauty, if ever treachery was marked on the human face, it is on hers. Then why make us all sleep in one room? If the others are empty, our beds would be as well on the floor in them as in this one. However, all that was mere suspicion. But there is more. You saw me examine the windows during supper. I could then open the outside shutters: they have since been fastened; and, what is more, the door is locked or barred on us, and will not yield. But, what is most important, my ear, which is very quick, caught the sound of steps in the passage — heavy steps, though taken on tiptoe — steps, in short, of a man, or rather, I should say of men, for there were at least two. I stole to the door, and I distinctly heard whisperings. Now, what do you think of all that? Speak one at a time, and low.' — 'Bah!' whispered the Frenchman, 'I think nothing of it. It is quite common to fasten the shutters outside; and, as for the door, your friend and I were rather free with the girl last night, and she may have locked us in for her own security, or she might be afraid of our



decamping in the morning without paying the reckoning. As for the footsteps, I doubt if you can distinguish a man's from a woman's; and the whisperings were probably the girl and the old woman conversing. Their voices, coming along the passage, would sound like whisperings.' This explanation was so plausible, that all expressed themselves satisfied with it. But Macdonald resumed, and this time he spoke in a whisper so terrible — so full of mysterious power, that it went straight to every heart, and curdled all our blood. 'Brothers,' he said, 'be wise in time. If you will not listen to common sense, take warning of a supernatural sense. Have you never had a dim presentiment of approaching evil? I know you have. Now, mark. I have at this moment the sure certitude of coming evil. I know, I *know*, I know, that if you continue to lie here, and will not listen to my words, neither you nor I will ever see another sun. I *know* that we shall all certainly die before the morning. Will you be advised? If not, your blood be on your own heads! As for mine, I forgive it you. Decide! — resolve!' — These words, the tones in which they were uttered, and our knowledge of the speaker, produced a profound impression. As for me, I shuddered; but it was less at the idea of the threatened material danger, than at that of an occult influence hovering round us, inspiring Macdonald, and filling the place with its mysterious presence. Laurenberg was the first to speak, or rather to whisper. 'Macdonald,' said he, 'I yield myself to your guidance.' I immediately said: 'And I.' The others followed the example. Macdonald immediately took the command on himself. 'Rise,' said he, 'but make not the slightest noise. Collect yourselves and pay attention to the slightest thing. Leave your shoes; take your swords' — I should tell you, my young friend," said the pastor, addressing



me, "that in those days students wore swords, especially when they travelled. And they were not such swords, Justus, as you fight your absurd duels with — not slim things, that you can bend double, and of which only a foot or so is sharp — not playthings to scratch each other's faces with; but good steel blades, meant for thrusting as well as cutting — blades not to be trifled with when wielded by a skilful and strong arm. But where was I? I remember. 'Take your swords,' said Macdonald. 'As it is so dark, there will probably be confusion. We must have watch-words, therefore. Let them be *Jena* and *Göttingen*. Also, to avoid our blindly encountering each other, let each of us, if it comes to a fight, keep calling *Burschen! Burschen!* I believe the attack I apprehend will come from the door. Let us range ourselves three on each side of it. We from *Göttingen* will take the right side, you from *Jena* the left. When they open the door, we rush into the passage I will lead my file, and do you brother, said he to the Frenchman, 'lead yours. When you hear me cry *Burschen!* follow me, and, remember, you strike for your lives.' All this was said in the lowest whisper, but at the same time so distinctly and deliberately, that we did not lose a word. We took the places assigned us, grasping our bared swords. For a time — it seemed an interminable time — so we stood silent, and hearing nothing. Of course, we could not see each other, for the place was quite dark. At last our excited ears heard footsteps cautiously approaching. Some one came to the door, and was evidently listening. In about a minute, we heard the listener whisper to some one in the passage — 'They must all be asleep now. Tell Hans to cut loose.' Our hearts beat quick. There was a pause of some minutes; then suddenly we heard overhead a cracking sound among the furze-bushes which composed the roof of



the room, and the next instant something fell to the ground with a crash so tremendous that the whole house seemed to shake. Then we heard a bolt withdrawn, then a key was turned. The door began to open. '*Burschen!*' cried Macdonald, as he dashed it wide ajar, and sprang into the passage. '*Burschen!*' cried the Frenchman, and the next moment he was by our comrade's side. '*Burschen!*' cried we all, as we made in after them."

"*Die Burschen sollen leben!*" (Students for ever!) exclaimed Justus, in a state of no little excitement.

"The robbers retreated precipitately into the hall, where we had seen the old woman the previous night. It was brightly illuminated by a large fire which was blazing on the hearth. Here we fought. '*Burschen!*' thundered Macdonald, as he struck down a man armed with a hatchet. '*A bas les voleurs!*' cried the Frenchman, quitting German for his mother tongue, in the heat of the moment. '*Jena! Göttingen!*' shouted some of us, forgetting in our excitement that these names were our passwords and not our war-cry. '*Burschen!*' cried Laurenberg, as he drove into a corner one of the enemy armed with a dagger and a sword. '*Burschen!*' cried he again, as he passed his weapon twice through the robbers body. '*Jena!*' yelled Richter, as his left arm, which he interposed to defend his head, was broken by a blow with an iron bar. '*Und Göttingen!*' added he with a roar, as he laid his assailant at his feet. Meanwhile the Pole and I had sustained a fierce attack from three robbers, who, on hearing the cries and the clashing of arms, had rushed out of one of the doors opening into the hall. The Pole was already slightly wounded, and it was going hard with us, when the others came to our assistance. This decided the fight, and we found ourselves victors."

"Bravo!" cried Justus, throwing his cap into the air.



"That was not bad, grandfather!" and taking the old man's hand, he kissed his cheek.

"You are a good boy, Justus," said the pastor, "but do not interrupt me. Where was I? Oh, yes, We had gained the victory, and all the robbers lay about the floor, killed or wounded. We stood still a moment to take breath. At this moment, the girl of the previous evening rushed into the hall, and threw herself on the body of the man who had fallen by the hand of Laurenberg. She put her hand on his heart, then she approached her cheek to his mouth.' 'He is dead!' cried she, starting to her feet. 'You have killed my Heinrich! my beloved Heinrich! you have killed my Heinrich! Dead! dead! dead!' Still speaking, she disappeared. But she returned almost instantly. She had a pistol in each hand. 'It was *you*, young sir,' said she, calmly and deliberately. 'I saw you,' and, as she spoke, she covered Laurenberg with her weapon, taking a cool aim. With a bound, Macdonald threw himself before the victim. But the generous movement was in vain. She fired; and the bullet, grazing Macdonald's shoulder, passed through poor Laurenberg's throat, and lodged in a door behind him. He staggered and fell."

"Oh, weh!" exclaimed Justus.

"We all stood thunderstruck. 'Your life for his — and mine,' said the girl. With these words, she discharged her other pistol into her bosom, and sank slowly upon the corpse of her lover."

"What a tragedy!" cried Justus.

"It was indeed a tragedy," resumed the pastor, in a low voice. "I knelt down beside my friend, and took his hand. Macdonald raised him up a little, supporting him in a sitting posture. He said: 'My pocket-book — the letter — my last wish.' Then he pressed my hand. Then



he said: 'Farewell, comrades — farewell, my brothers. Remember me to my mother and Anna.' Then he pressed my hand again. And so he died."

Here the worthy pastor's voice faltered a little, and he paused. Justus and I were silent. At last the old man began again. "Many, many years have passed since then, but I have never forgotten my early friend, nor ceased to mourn him. We laid him gently on his back; I closed his blue eyes. Macdonald placed his sword upon his gallant breast, now still for ever, and crossed his arms over it. Meanwhile the Frenchman and the Pole, finding the girl quite dead, had laid her decently by the side of the man she had called Heinrich. 'That is enough in the mean time,' then said Macdonald, 'the living before the dead. We must see to our own safety first, and attend to the wounded.' We accordingly went over the house, and satisfied ourselves that no one else was concealed in it; we examined the fastenings of all the doors and windows, to guard against an attack from any members of the gang who might be outside. We found a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and congratulated ourselves on having surprised our enemies, as otherwise we might have been shot down like dogs. Returning to the door where we had supped, we found that the thing which had fallen from the roof, with such a crash, was an enormous ring or circle of iron, bigger than a cart-wheel. It was lying on our beds, the mast being exactly in the centre of it, and serving, as we found, to sustain it when it was hoisted up. Had we not obeyed Macdonald's voice, we certainly should all have been crushed to death, as it was plain many a victim had already been, for the infernal thing was stained with blood, and in some places, patches of hair were still sticking to it."



“And the old woman? the old grandmother?” asked Justus.

“We found her clothes, but not herself. Hence, we guessed that some one of the gang had personated the character, and Macdonald reminded us how the girl had prevented his approaching her supposed relative, and how he had got no answer to his address, the man in disguise being probably afraid that his voice might betray him. On examining the field of battle, we found that the robbers were nine in number, and that two besides Heinrich were dead. We bound up the wounds of the others as well as we could. They were all sturdy fellows, and, when we considered their superior strength and numbers, we wondered at our own success. It was to be attributed solely—of course, I mean humanly speaking—to our attack being so unexpected, sudden, and impetuous. Indeed the combat did not last five minutes, if nearly so long. On our side, there was the irreparable loss of Laurenberg. Richter’s broken arm gave him much pain, and the Pole had lost a considerable quantity of blood; but, besides this, we had only a few scratches. ‘Now, lie down and rest,’ said Macdonald, ‘for you have all need of it. As for me, I can not sleep, and so will keep watch till morning.’ We did as he recommended, for in truth, now that the excitement was over, I could scarcely keep my eyes open, and the rest were like me. Even Richter slept. Give us some wine, Justus, my boy.”

“He was a fine fellow that Macdonald,” said Justus, as he obeyed.

“It was several hours before he awakened us,” continued the pastor. “My first thoughts were of poor Laurenberg. I remembered what he said about a pocket-book. I searched his dress, and found it. What it contained, I shall tell you



presently. We breakfasted on some bread and wine, and then Macdonald called a council of war. After putting a negative on the absurd proposal of the Pole, that we should set fire to the house, and to the stupid suggestion of Richter (he was in a state of fever from his hurt) that, before doing any thing else, we should empty the cellar, we unanimously agreed that our first step should be to give information to the proper authorities of all that had happened. The Frenchman and I were deputed to go and seek them out. 'You remember what the girl said about the way to Arnstadt?' said Macdonald. 'I think you may so far rely on it; but you must trust a good deal to your own judgment to find your way.' With this piece of advice, we started."

The journey to Arnstadt, the interview with the Bürgermeister, the reference to the rural Amtmann, the expedition of that functionary to the scene of the tragedy, the imprisonment of the surviving robbers, their trial, confession, and punishment, were all minutely dwelt upon by the worthy but somewhat diffuse narrator; none of these circumstances, however, interested me, and I took little note of them. At last, the pastor returned to personages more attractive of attention.

"We buried Laurenberg by night," said he. "There chanced to be some students from other universities in the neighbourhood of Arnstadt, and they joined us in paying him all due honor. We followed the coffin, on which lay his sword and cap, walking two-and-two, and each bearing a torch. When the body was lowered into the grave, we quenched the torches, and sung a Latin dirge. Such was the end of my friend."

"And the pocket-book?" asked Justus.

"It contained a letter to me, a very curious letter. It



was dated Gotha, and bore, in substance, that Macdonald's presentiments were weighing on the mind of the writer, more than he was willing should be known until *after* the anticipated catastrophe, if, indeed, any should take place. But, that such a thing being *possible*, he took that opportunity of recommending his mother and sister to my care, and of expressing his hope that I should find I could love Anna, and that so I would one day make her my wife. I need not relate to you how I performed the sad duty of bearing the news of his death to his two dear relatives. As you know, Justus, Anna in about three years afterwards became mine. And here, in this house, young stranger, we lived very happily for thirty years. Here, too, she died. And yonder, in the church-yard, near the west porch, she awaits being rejoined by her own — by her children, and her husband."

"But come, the dew is falling, let us go in. Justus, my boy, be kind enough to carry in my chair for me. Trichen will come out for the rest of the things."

So ended the worthy pastor's story.

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## BURKE AND THE PAINTER BARRY.

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Burke delighted in lending a helping hand to genius struggling against adversity; and many who were wasting their powers in obscurity were led by his assistance to the paths of eminence. Barry, the painter, was among those to whom he had shown great kindness; he found pleasure in the society of that eccentric being. A long time had passed without his having seen him, when one day they met accidentally in the street. The greeting was cordial, and Barry invited his friend to dine with him the next day. Burke arrived at the appointed hour, and the door was opened by Dame Ursula, as she was called. She at first denied her master, but when Burke mentioned his name, Barry, who had overheard it, came running down stairs. He was in his usual attire; his thin gray hair was all dishevelled; an old and soiled green shade and a pair of mounted spectacles assisted his sight; the color of his linen was rather equivocal, but was evidently not fresh from the bleach-green; his outward garment was a kind of careless *roquelaire*. He gave Burke a most hearty welcome, and led him into the apartment which served him for kitchen, parlour, studio, and gallery; it was, however, so filled with smoke that its contents remained a profound mystery, and Burke was almost blinded and nearly suffocated. Barry expressed the utmost surprise, and appeared utterly at a loss to account for the state of the atmosphere. Burke,



however, without endeavouring to explain the mystery on philosophical principles, at once brought the whole blame of the annoyance home to Barry — as it came out that he had removed the stove from its wonted situation by the chimney-piece, and drawn it into the very middle of the room. He had mounted it on an old dripping-pan, to defend the carpet from the burning ashes; he had in vain called in the assistance of the bellows, no blaze would come — but volumes of smoke were puffed out ever and anon, as if to show that the fire could do something if it pleased. Burke persuaded Barry to reinstate the stove in its own locality, and helped him to replace it; this done and the windows opened, they got rid of the smoke, and the fire soon looked out cheerfully enough on them, as if nothing had happened. Barry invited Burke to the upper rooms to look at his pictures. As he went on from one to the other, he applied the sponge and water with which he was supplied, to wash away the dust which obscured them. Burke was delighted with them, and with Barry's history of each, and his dissertation as he pointed out its particular beauties. He then brought him to look at his bedroom; its walls were hung with unframed pictures, which had also to be freed from the thick covering of dust, before they could be admired; these, like the others, were noble specimens of art. In a recess near the fire-place the rough stump-bedstead stood, with its coverlet of coarse rug.

“That is my bed,” said the artist; “you see I use no curtains; they are most unwholesome, and I breathe as freely and sleep as soundly as if I lay upon down, and snored under velvet. Look there,” said he, as he pointed to a broad shelf high above the bed, “that I consider my *chef-d'œuvre*; I think I have been more than a match for them; I have outdone them at last.”



Mr. Burke asked of whom it was he spoke.

"The rats," replied he, the nefarious rats, who robbed me of every thing in the larder. But now all is safe; I keep my food beyond their reach. I may now defy all the rats in the parish."

Barry had no clock, so depended on the cravings of his stomach to regulate his meals. By this unerring guide, which might have shamed the most correct regulator in a watchmaker's shop, he perceived that it was time for dinner; but forgot that he had invited Burke to partake of it, till reminded by a hint.

"I declare, my dear friend, I had totally forgotten, I beg your pardon — it quite escaped my memory; but if you will just sit down here and blow the fire, I will get a nice beef-steak in a minute."

Burke applied all his energies to the bellows, and had a nice clear fire when Barry returned with the steak rolled up in cabbage-leaves, which he drew from his pocket; from the same receptacle he produced a parcel of potatoes; a bottle of port was under each arm, and each hand held a fresh French-roll. A gridiron was placed on the fire, and Burke was deputed to act as cook while Barry performed the part of butler. While he laid the cloth the old woman boiled the potatoes, and at five o'clock, all being duly prepared, the friends sat down to their repast. Burke's first essay in cookery was miraculously successful, for the steak was done to admiration, and of course greatly relished by the cook. As soon as dinner was dispatched the friends chatted away over their two bottles of port till nine o'clock. Burke was often heard to say that this was one of the most amusing and delightful days he had ever spent.

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## VOYAGE OF AN ELEPHANT FROM INDIA.

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In one of my voyages, it was my good-fortune to have as a shipmate one of the great ones of the East — a personage of vast weight in his *own* country, and still more run after and admired on his arrival in *this*. Though he came on board with but one attendant, and with no luggage but a single trunk, he trod the deck with as firm a step and as lordly a mien as if he had been one of the magnates of the ship, as well as of the land. The captain himself was fain to keep at a respectful distance from his passenger. He was silent and reserved in his demeanor; and the only person whom he honored with exclusive friendship and attention, was a little whey-faced, undersized, dirty fellow, who acted as butcher on board. Be not surprised at this singular preference, gentle reader; the passenger with a single trunk was the same elephant which now exhibits its lordly form in the Regent Park Zoological Gardens; and it was but natural that he should feel particularly attached to the man whose constant care it was to administer to his wants, and to study to gratify his peculiar tastes.

It was in July, 1830, that preparations were made on board the Honorable Company's ship L . . . . ., for the reception of our unwieldy passenger. In all large East India ships there is a space between the booms, and



*before* the bow of the long-boat, in which is a large open-barred pen, fitted up as a cow-house. In the present case, the roof of this was raised a few feet, the cow transferred to other quarters, and the place made as commodious as possible for its new tenant. Quantities of plantain stems, pumpkins, hay, joggry (a kind of coarse sugar), and other elephant luxuries, were sent on board, and an anxious look-out was kept for a favorable opportunity for the animal's embarkation — a matter of no trifling difficulty, as all those know who have crossed the Madras surf, and all those *may* know, who will read Captain Basil Hall's account of it. At length the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and the elephant was marched down to the beach — the day was fine, and the surf uncommonly low. Many years had elapsed since an exhibition of the kind had taken place; and as great curiosity was excited on shore, a crowd assembled to witness the interesting spectacle. A large cargo-raft, or catamaran, was brought close to the water-mark on the beach, on each side of which a barricade of spars had been raised, with a vacant space between them in the centre. The elephant, with his keeper on his neck, was made to walk on to the raft, where he stood quietly between the barricades, while his fore and hind feet were secured with ropes to the spars below, and under his belly a stout piece of wood was passed, the ends of which rested on the barricades, so as partially to support the weight of his body. A well-manned massoolah boat lay outside the first line of surf, with a tow-line attached to the raft on shore. When all was ready, the catamaran was launched into the surf by a strong party of coolies, while the men in the massoolah boat plied their oars, and kept a tight strain upon the tow-line, and in a few moments the watery barrier was



passed. It was a beautiful sight to see the noble animal standing apparently firm and unmoved when the surf dashed over the catamaran, and broke in white foam around him. It was an interesting proof of his confidence in man, that, though danger presented itself in such a novel and startling aspect, he braved it without flinching while he knew that his keeper was with him. The outer line of surf was easily passed, for on the day in question it was scarcely perceptible; and the novel spectacle presented itself, of a man riding over the sea upon an elephant. Meantime, everything was in readiness on board the ship for his reception. A pair of immense slings had been prepared, such as are used for hoisting horses on board, only of larger dimensions, and much stronger materials; he had been regularly measured for them some days before. I will attempt to describe them for the benefit of the uninitiated. They were made of strong canvas, bound, as the ladies would say, with small rope, formed into a long broad belt to pass under his belly, with a smaller one to pass behind like a *breechin*, and another similar one to go over his breast, to prevent his slipping out; each end of the large belt or belly-band was strongly secured over a stout round bar of wood, to the extremities of which were fastened the ends of a short strong rope, with an iron thimble in the *bight*, or centre. The main-yard was topped up and well secured; and as soon as the raft came alongside, the hands were called out, and every soul in the ship sent up to the tackle-fall. As soon as the slings were properly adjusted, the elephant's legs were released, and the keeper came on board. One of the men on the raft seeing the elephant raise one of his immense paws, thought he was in a dangerous neighbourhood, and jumped into the water, preferring the chance of being



nibbled at by the sharks to the apparent certainty of being crushed by an elephant. When the man swam to the raft again, and was laughed at for his alarm, he said he thought "a kick from such a foot as that would be no joke." At length, all was ready — the tackle was hooked — "haul taut on deck," was the cry — "tweet, tweet," sounded the boatswain's call. "Now, my lads, for a steady walk," said the chief mate; "hoist away!" The fife struck up a merry tune, but was scarcely heard, for the men gave a cheer, and *ran away* with their unwonted burden; and in a moment the giant animal was dangling thirty feet above the water's edge, as helpless as if he had been a sucking pig. His alarm and astonishment must have been great, to find himself in such an unusual predicament; but whatever his feelings might have been, the only expression he gave to them was a loud cry, between a grunt and a roar, when he was first carried off his legs by the tackle. He was quickly lowered on deck, where his keeper was standing in readiness to receive him, and to coax him into good-humor again, if necessary, with joggry and other delicacies. He seemed too much pleased, however, to find himself safe on his legs again, to think much of the novelty of his situation, or to appreciate properly the honor of being on the quarter-deck of one of the finest merchantmen in the world, but gazed on all around him with the most philosophic indifference. After allowing him a little time to recover his breath, he was coaxed forward, and hoisted over the booms into his new abode, the roof of which had been taken off to admit him. His keeper soon afterwards took leave of him with many salaams, and went on shore, and he was then consigned to the charge of the butcher.

Our passenger soon became reconciled to his new quarters, and was as much at home there as if he had been a



sailor all his life. He remained on board the ship for nearly nine months, during which time we visited Penang, Singapore, China, and St. Helena. His principal food was plantain stems, hay, pumpkins, and joggry, of the latter of which he was very fond; his daily allowance of water was eight gallons. He was remarkably mild and tractable, and fond of every one who treated him with kindness — would kneel down at the word of command in Hindostanee; and if asked to shake hands, lifted up his enormous paw to comply. His sagacity was astonishing, and would sometimes have done credit to a rational being: I must mention one or two instances of it. His cage had an opening at one end, about four feet square, to allow room for the butcher to enter with his food. One of his principal amusements was to put his head out of this opening, to see if we were all doing our duty properly, while his trunk was busily engaged in picking up all the "wee things" that came within its reach. This he was enabled to do more comfortably by means of a stout plank, the end of which projected a couple of feet into the cage, and which he made use of as a step. One day, the carpenter requiring some of the plank for a particular purpose, cut a few feet off the end of it, and it was then too short to reach the cage. As soon as the elephant missed his footstool, he began to show his displeasure by tearing down the thin planks with which his cage was lined, and uttering cries of anger. At last he caught sight of a pack of staves lying on the booms near him, twisted his trunk round it, and dragged it into his cage; then laying it down where the plank had been before, he mounted upon it and gave a grunt of pleasure. On another occasion, the ship was staggering along before a strong breeze, and was rather suddenly hauled to the wind, which of course made her lie over very much. The moment the elephant felt



the ship heeling over, he whirled round with his head to windward, and instantly thrusting his trunk through between the bars of his cage, twisted it round one of the spars outside, and held on by it. When we arrived at Blackwall, in April, 1831, crowds of visitors came on board to see the new importation, and they were all much pleased with his gentleness and docility. He took everything that was offered him in the eating way, and was not at all particular in his tastes; indeed, on one occasion, a lady who put her reticule within tempting distance of his trunk, was rather astonished to see it transferred with surprising celerity from her hand to his mouth, and he swallowed it with as much relish, apparently, as if it had been a cabbage-leaf.

At last he was purchased for the Regent Park Zoological Gardens, and, I believe, proved a good speculation to the captain. A strong platform was erected on an inclined plane from the ship's gangway down to the dock-walk, for the elephant's accommodation in disembarking — but in vain: he put one foot upon it, fancied it was not firm, and drew back; and nothing could have persuaded him to make a second attempt. We were obliged to hoist him out at last. As soon as he stood once more on the land, long lines were fastened to his feet, to check him in case he should attempt to run away, and he then quietly followed his keeper. As soon as he passed the dock-gate, where a crowd was assembled to welcome his appearance, he caught sight of the green hedges and trees down a lane to the right, and set off at a swinging trot to have a nearer look at them, trailing after him a whole rabble of boys, who were shouting and tugging at his heel-ropes. He was soon obliged to stop, and then housed in a neighbouring stable till the middle of the night; and when all was



still he was quietly marched up to his new quarters in Regent Park. Some weeks afterwards, a friend accompanied me to the Zoological Gardens to visit our old shipmate, and see whether he would recognize us. As he was still a novelty, a number of people were assembled round his house, feeding him with cakes, and other acceptables of the kind. When we spoke to him, he *seemed* to recognize us, but whether he did so or not, he *understood* us, for, to the great surprise of the persons around, when we said in Hindostanee, „Kneel down,” he did so immediately, and likewise raised his foot to shake hands, when told. I have not seen him since that time, but I have heard that he is doing well, and has greatly increased in size since he left his native shores.



## DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE.

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BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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One sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called "The Cynosure," which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

„ Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figure-head of 'The Cynosure.' She has shewn herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. „But for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs do you prefer? Here," pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and scarlet coat — "here is an excellent



model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner; "but as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figure-head as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne; marvelling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world, as the figure-head of a vessel. "You may depend, captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone, that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted, in a very humble line, it is true, that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished or rising to distinction. From his earliest boyhood he had exhibited a knack — for it would be too proud a word to call it genius — a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure, in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzling white, at least, as the Parian or Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his schoolfellows,



and were, indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver, as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions in evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump-heads, and wooden urns for gate-posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantel-pieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom, without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skilful hand of Drowne. But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figure-heads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favorite daughter of the ship-owner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colors, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping in the Thames, and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the king resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect, which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But,



at least, there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless, and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden image instinct with spirit.

The captain of "The Cynosure" had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he impressively, "you must lay aside all other business, and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first-rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage. "Depend upon it, I will do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that moment, the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Town Dock, who were wont to shew their love for the arts, by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the day-time. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour in the evening; although neither knock nor voice on such occasions could gain admission for a visitor or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Drowne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take, was a problem to his friends, and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Drowne was



seldom noticed in the act of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed, until it became evident to all observers that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips, and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the Hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrustated her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image, still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Drowne's earlier productions, and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man, and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Drowne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver, as to induce him, in the dearth of any professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible image of king, commander, dame, and allegory that stood around; on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise, that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual part, partook of the stolid transformation. But, in not a single instance, did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here, and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have out-valued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Drowne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that



so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man, in your line of business, that could do so much, for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley," answered Drowne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well, that the one touch, which you speak of as deficient, is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that, without it, these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist, as between a sign-post daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange!" cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though, hitherto, it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden images. "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency, so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had been overlooked. But no; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw, when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch! What



inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live? Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself, "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentiment; so that, as in the cloudshapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom and opening in front, so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers, such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little



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In one of my voyages, it was my good-fortune to have as a shipmate one of the great ones of the East — a personage of vast weight in his *own* country, and still more run after and admired on his arrival in *this*. Though he came on board with but one attendant, and with no luggage but a single trunk, he trod the deck with as firm a step and as lordly a mien as if he had been one of the magnates of the ship, as well as of the land. The captain himself was fain to keep at a respectful distance from his passenger. He was silent and reserved in his demeanor; and the only person whom he honored with exclusive friendship and attention, was a little whey-faced, undersized, dirty fellow, who acted as butcher on board. Be not surprised at this singular preference, gentle reader; the passenger with a single trunk was the same elephant which now exhibits its lordly form in the Regent Park Zoological Gardens; and it was but natural that he should feel particularly attached to the man whose constant care it was to administer to his wants, and to study to gratify his peculiar tastes.

It was in July, 1830, that preparations were made on board the Honorable Company's ship L . . . . ., for the reception of our unwieldy passenger. In all large East India ships there is a space between the booms, and



*before* the bow of the long-boat, in which is a large open-barred pen, fitted up as a cow-house. In the present case, the roof of this was raised a few feet, the cow transferred to other quarters, and the place made as commodious as possible for its new tenant. Quantities of plantain stems, pumpkins, hay, joggry (a kind of coarse sugar), and other elephant luxuries, were sent on board, and an anxious look-out was kept for a favorable opportunity for the animal's embarkation — a matter of no trifling difficulty, as all those know who have crossed the Madras surf, and all those *may* know, who will read Captain Basil Hall's account of it. At length the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and the elephant was marched down to the beach — the day was fine, and the surf uncommonly low. Many years had elapsed since an exhibition of the kind had taken place; and as great curiosity was excited on shore, a crowd assembled to witness the interesting spectacle. A large cargo-raft, or catamaran, was brought close to the water-mark on the beach, on each side of which a barricade of spars had been raised, with a vacant space between them in the centre. The elephant, with his keeper on his neck, was made to walk on to the raft, where he stood quietly between the barricades, while his fore and hind feet were secured with ropes to the spars below, and under his belly a stout piece of wood was passed, the ends of which rested on the barricades, so as partially to support the weight of his body. A well-manned massoolah boat lay outside the first line of surf, with a tow-line attached to the raft on shore. When all was ready, the catamaran was launched into the surf by a strong party of coolies, while the men in the massoolah boat plied their oars, and kept a tight strain upon the tow-line, and in a few moments the watery barrier was



passed. It was a beautiful sight to see the noble animal standing apparently firm and unmoved when the surf dashed over the catamaran, and broke in white foam around him. It was an interesting proof of his confidence in man, that, though danger presented itself in such a novel and startling aspect, he braved it without flinching while he knew that his keeper was with him. The outer line of surf was easily passed, for on the day in question it was scarcely perceptible; and the novel spectacle presented itself, of a man riding over the sea upon an elephant. Meantime, everything was in readiness on board the ship for his reception. A pair of immense slings had been prepared, such as are used for hoisting horses on board, only of larger dimensions, and much stronger materials; he had been regularly measured for them some days before. I will attempt to describe them for the benefit of the uninitiated. They were made of strong canvas, bound, as the ladies would say, with small rope, formed into a long broad belt to pass under his belly, with a smaller one to pass behind like a *breechin*, and another similar one to go over his breast, to prevent his slipping out; each end of the large belt or belly-band was strongly secured over a stout round bar of wood, to the extremities of which were fastened the ends of a short strong rope, with an iron thimble in the *bight*, or centre. The main-yard was topped up and well secured; and as soon as the raft came alongside, the hands were called out, and every soul in the ship sent up to the tackle-fall. As soon as the slings were properly adjusted, the elephant's legs were released, and the keeper came on board. One of the men on the raft seeing the elephant raise one of his immense paws, thought he was in a dangerous neighbourhood, and jumped into the water, preferring the chance of being



nibbled at by the sharks to the apparent certainty of being crushed by an elephant. When the man swam to the raft again, and was laughed at for his alarm, he said he thought "a kick from such a foot as that would be no joke." At length, all was ready — the tackle was hooked — "haul taut on deck," was the cry — "tweet, tweet," sounded the boatswain's call. "Now, my lads, for a steady walk," said the chief mate; "hoist away!" The fife struck up a merry tune, but was scarcely heard, for the men gave a cheer, and *ran away* with their unwonted burden; and in a moment the giant animal was dangling thirty feet above the water's edge, as helpless as if he had been a sucking pig. His alarm and astonishment must have been great, to find himself in such an unusual predicament; but whatever his feelings might have been, the only expression he gave to them was a loud cry, between a grunt and a roar, when he was first carried off his legs by the tackle. He was quickly lowered on deck, where his keeper was standing in readiness to receive him, and to coax him into good-humor again, if necessary, with joggry and other delicacies. He seemed too much pleased, however, to find himself safe on his legs again, to think much of the novelty of his situation, or to appreciate properly the honor of being on the quarter-deck of one of the finest merchantmen in the world, but gazed on all around him with the most philosophic indifference. After allowing him a little time to recover his breath, he was coaxed forward, and hoisted over the booms into his new abode, the roof of which had been taken off to admit him. His keeper soon afterwards took leave of him with many salaams, and went on shore, and he was then consigned to the charge of the butcher.

Our passenger soon became reconciled to his new quarters, and was as much at home there as if he had been a



sailor all his life. He remained on board the ship for nearly nine months, during which time we visited Penang, Singapore, China, and St. Helena. His principal food was plantain stems, hay, pumpkins, and joggry, of the latter of which he was very fond; his daily allowance of water was eight gallons. He was remarkably mild and tractable, and fond of every one who treated him with kindness — would kneel down at the word of command in Hindostanee; and if asked to shake hands, lifted up his enormous paw to comply. His sagacity was astonishing, and would sometimes have done credit to a rational being: I must mention one or two instances of it. His cage had an opening at one end, about four feet square, to allow room for the butcher to enter with his food. One of his principal amusements was to put his head out of this opening, to see if we were all doing our duty properly, while his trunk was busily engaged in picking up all the "wee things" that came within its reach. This he was enabled to do more comfortably by means of a stout plank, the end of which projected a couple of feet into the cage, and which he made use of as a step. One day, the carpenter requiring some of the plank for a particular purpose, cut a few feet off the end of it, and it was then too short to reach the cage. As soon as the elephant missed his footstool, he began to show his displeasure by tearing down the thin planks with which his cage was lined, and uttering cries of anger. At last he caught sight of a pack of staves lying on the booms near him, twisted his trunk round it, and dragged it into his cage; then laying it down where the plank had been before, he mounted upon it and gave a grunt of pleasure. On another occasion, the ship was staggering along before a strong breeze, and was rather suddenly hauled to the wind, which of course made her lie over very much. The moment the elephant felt



the ship heeling over, he whirled round with his head to windward, and instantly thrusting his trunk through between the bars of his cage, twisted it round one of the spars outside, and held on by it. When we arrived at Blackwall, in April, 1831, crowds of visitors came on board to see the new importation, and they were all much pleased with his gentleness and docility. He took everything that was offered him in the eating way, and was not at all particular in his tastes; indeed, on one occasion, a lady who put her reticule within tempting distance of his trunk, was rather astonished to see it transferred with surprising celerity from her hand to his mouth, and he swallowed it with as much relish, apparently, as if it had been a cabbage-leaf.

At last he was purchased for the Regent Park Zoological Gardens, and, I believe, proved a good speculation to the captain. A strong platform was erected on an inclined plane from the ship's gangway down to the dock-walk, for the elephant's accommodation in disembarking — but in vain: he put one foot upon it, fancied it was not firm, and drew back; and nothing could have persuaded him to make a second attempt. We were obliged to hoist him out at last. As soon as he stood once more on the land, long lines were fastened to his feet, to check him in case he should attempt to run away, and he then quietly followed his keeper. As soon as he passed the dock-gate, where a crowd was assembled to welcome his appearance, he caught sight of the green hedges and trees down a lane to the right, and set off at a swinging trot to have a nearer look at them, trailing after him a whole rabble of boys, who were shouting and tugging at his heel-ropes. He was soon obliged to stop, and then housed in a neighbouring stable till the middle of the night; and when all was



still he was quietly marched up to his new quarters in Regent Park. Some weeks afterwards, a friend accompanied me to the Zoological Gardens to visit our old shipmate, and see whether he would recognize us. As he was still a novelty, a number of people were assembled round his house, feeding him with cakes, and other acceptables of the kind. When we spoke to him, he *seemed* to recognize us, but whether he did so or not, he *understood* us, for, to the great surprise of the persons around, when we said in Hindostanee, „Kneel down,” he did so immediately, and likewise raised his foot to shake hands, when told. I have not seen him since that time, but I have heard that he is doing well, and has greatly increased in size since he left his native shores.

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## DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE.

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BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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One sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called "The Cynosure," which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figure-head of 'The Cynosure.' She has shewn herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs do you prefer? Here," pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and scarlet coat — "here is an excellent



model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner; "but as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figure-head as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne; marvelling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world, as the figure-head of a vessel. "You may depend, captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone, that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted, in a very humble line, it is true, that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished or rising to distinction. From his earliest boyhood he had exhibited a knack — for it would be too proud a word to call it genius — a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure, in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzling white, at least, as the Parian or Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his schoolfellows,



and were, indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver, as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions in evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump-heads, and wooden urns for gate-posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantel-pieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom, without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skilful hand of Drowne. But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figure-heads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favorite daughter of the ship-owner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colors, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping in the Thames, and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the king resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect, which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But,



at least, there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless, and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden image instinct with spirit.

The captain of "The Cynosure" had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he impressively, "you must lay aside all other business, and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first-rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage. "Depend upon it, I will do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that moment, the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Town Dock, who were wont to shew their love for the arts, by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the day-time. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour in the evening; although neither knock nor voice on such occasions could gain admission for a visitor or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Drowne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take, was a problem to his friends, and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Drowne was



seldom noticed in the act of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed, until it became evident to all observers that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips, and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the Hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrustated her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image, still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Drowne's earlier productions, and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man, and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Drowne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver, as to induce him, in the dearth of any professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible image of king, commander, dame, and allegory that stood around; on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise, that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual part, partook of the stolid transformation. But, in not a single instance, did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here, and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have out-valued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Drowne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that



so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man, in your line of business, that could do so much, for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley," answered Drowne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well, that the one touch, which you speak of as deficient, is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that, without it, these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist, as between a sign-post daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange!" cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though, hitherto, it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden images. "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency, so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had been overlooked. But no; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw, when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch! What



inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live? Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself, "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentiment; so that, as in the cloudshapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom and opening in front, so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers, such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little



appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of ear-rings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger, all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown in her attire, and could, therefore, have shocked none but a judgement spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but, gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular, and somewhat haughty aspect, but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth, which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

"Drowne," said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver's workshop, "if this work were in marble, it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?"

"Not paint her?" exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by; "not paint the figure-head of 'The Cynosure!' And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port, with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow? She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat down to the silver spangles on her slippers."



“Mr. Copley,” said Drowne, quietly, “I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of the sculptor’s rules of art. But of this wooden image — this work of my hands — this creature of my heart” — and here his voice faltered and choked, in a very singular manner —” of this — of her — I may say that I know something. A well-spring of inward wisdom gushed within me, as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith. Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect, by painted wood, those rules are not for me or for my work, and I have a right to disregard them.”

“The very spirit of genius!” muttered Copley to himself. “How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them!”

He looked earnestly at Drowne, and again saw that expression of human love, which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colours, and the countenance with nature’s red and white. When all was finished, he threw open his workshop, and admitted the townspeople to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly dressed and beautiful young lady, who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must, therefore, be something preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable



air and expression that might reasonably induce the query — who, and from what sphere this daughter of the oak should be? The strange rich flowers of Eden on her head; the complexion, so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, and yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street; the delicately wrought embroidery of the skirt; the broad gold chain about her neck; the curious ring upon her finger; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in open work, and painted to resemble pearl and ebony; — where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied; And then her face! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexing admiration of himself and other beholders.

“And will you,” said he to the carver, “permit this master-piece to become the figure-head of a vessel? Give the honest captain yonder a figure of Britannia, — it will answer his purpose far better, — and send this fairy queen to England, where, for aught I know, it may bring you a thousand pounds.”

“I have not wrought it for money,” said Drowne.

“What sort of a fellow is this?” thought Copley. “A Yankee, and throw away the chance of making his fortune! He has gone mad; and thence has come this gleam of genius!”

There was still further proof of Drowne's lunacy, if credit were due to the rumor that he had been seen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and gazing with a lover's passionate ardor into the face that his own hands had created. The bigots of the day hinted that it would be no



matter of surprise if an evil spirit were allowed to enter this beautiful form, and seduce the carver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far and wide. The inhabitants visited it so universally, that, after a few days of exhibition, there was hardly an old man or a child who had not become minutely familiar with its aspect. Had the story of Drowne's wooden image ended here, its celebrity might have been prolonged for many years, by the reminiscences of those who looked upon it in their childhood, and saw nothing else so beautiful in after life. But the town was now astounded by an event, the narrative of which has formed itself into one of the most singular legends that are yet to be met with in the traditionary chimney-corners of the New-England metropolis, where old men and women sit dreaming of the past, and wag their heads at the dreamers of the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the departure of "The Cynosure" on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover-street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and button-holes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince, or the rags of a beggar, without, in either case, attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transfixed to wood or marble in astonishment.

"Do you see it? — do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in



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"Do you see it? — do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in



town only the night before. "Who do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!"

"Yes; the same! — the very same!" repeated the other. "Drowne's wooden image has come to life!"

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and minutely the shape, the garb, and the face, which the towns-people had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had its prototype in Drowne's wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, and was shaken by every footstep that the wearer made. The broad gold chain upon the neck was identical with the one represented on the image, and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements, as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face, with its brilliant depth of complexion, had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Drowne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood ethereal-



ized into a spirit, or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp. "Drowne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley, the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover-street through some of the cross-lanes that make this portion of the town so intricate, to Ann-street, thence into Docksquare, and so downward to Drowne's shop which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbances that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity, that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Drowne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvellous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all



remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker, now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

"If she be other than a bubble of the elements," exclaimed Copley, "I must look upon her face again!"

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of youthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but for a moment before, she turned her face towards the crowd. The carver stood beside his creation, mending the beautiful fan, which, by some accident, was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the life-like image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse, sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

"Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady," said the gallant captain. "Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass."

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

"Drowne," said Copley, with a smile of intelligence, "you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she



inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image."

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

"I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley," said he, putting his hand to his brow. "This image! Can it have been my work? Well, — I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad awake, I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon."

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and, in the latter part of his life, attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon's hand — a reduced likeness of friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant — may be seen to this day, at the corner of Broad and State-streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure, as compared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition, that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may



either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dullness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne, there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt, that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady, than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumor in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had fled from her home in Fayal, and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence, she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Drowne's Wooden Image.

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## A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

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I will tell you all about an affair — important as it proved to me; but you must not hurry me. I have never been in a hurry since then, and never will. Up till that time inclusive, I was always in a hurry; my actions always preceded my thoughts; experience was of no use; and any body would have supposed me destined to carry a young head upon old shoulders to the grave. However, I was brought up at last “with a round turn.” I was allowed a certain space for reflection, and plenty of materials; and if it did not do me good, it is a pity!

My father and mother both died when I was still a great awkward boy; and I, being the only thing they had to bequeath, became the property of a distant relation. I do not know how it happened, but I had no near relations. I was a kind of waif upon the world from the beginning; and I suppose it was owing to my having no family anchorage that I acquired the habit of swaying to and fro, and drifting hither and thither, at the pleasure of wind and tide. Not that my guardian was inattentive or unkind — quite the reverse; but he was indolent and careless, contenting himself with providing abundantly for my schooling and my pocket, and leaving every thing else to chance. He would have done the same thing to his own son, if he had had one, and he did the same thing to his own daughter. But girls somehow cling wherever they are cast — any



thing is an anchorage for them; and as Laura grew up, she gave the care she had never found, and was the little mother of the whole house. As for the titular mother, she had not an atom of character of any kind. She might have been a picture, or a vase, or any thing else that is useless except to the taste or the affections. But mamma was indispensable. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people who have nothing in them are nobody in a house. Our mamma was the very centre and point of our home feelings; and it was strange to observe the devout care we took of a personage, who had not two ideas in her head.

It is no wonder that I was always in a hurry, for I must have had an instinctive idea that I had my fortune to look for. The governor had nothing more than a genteel independence, and this would be a good deal lessened after his death by the lapse of an annuity. But sister Laura was thus provided for well enough, while I had not a shilling in actual money, although plenty of hypothetical thousands and sundry castles in the air. It was the consciousness of the latter kind of property, no doubt, that gave me so free-and-easy an air, and made me so completely the master of my own actions. How I did worry that blessed old woman! how Laura lectured and scolded! how the governor stormed! and how I was forgiven the next minute, and we were all as happy again as the day was long! But at length the time of separation came. I had grown a great hulking fellow, strong enough to make my bread as a porter, if that had been needed; and so a situation was found for me in a counting-house at Barcelona, and after a lecture and a hearty cry from sister Laura, a blessing and a kiss from mamma, and a great sob kept down by a hurricane laugh from the governor, I went adrift.

Four years passed rapidly away. I had attained my full



height, and more than my just share of inches. I already enjoyed a fair modicum of whisker, and had even made some progress in the cultivation of a pair of mustaches, when suddenly the house I was connected with failed. What to do? The governor insisted upon my return to England, where his interest among the mercantile class was considerable; Laura hinted mysteriously that my presence in the house would soon be a matter of great importance to her father; and mamma let out the secret, by writing to me that Laura was going to "change her condition." I was glad to hear this, for I knew he would be a model of a fellow who was Laura's husband; and, gulping down my pride, which would fain have persuaded me that it was unmanly to go back again like the ill sixpence, I set out on my return home.

The family, I knew, had moved to another house; but being well acquainted with the town, I had no difficulty in finding the place. It was a range of handsome buildings which had sprung up in the fashionable outskirt during my absence; and although it was far on in the evening, my accustomed eyes soon descried through the gloom the governor's old-fashioned door-plate. I was just about to knock, really agitated with delight and struggling memories, when a temptation came in my way. One of the area windows was open, gaping as if for my reception. A quantity of plate lay upon a table close by. Why should I not enter, and appear unannounced in the drawing-room, a sunburnt phantom of five feet eleven? Why should I not present the precise and careful Laura with a handful of her own spoons and forks, left so conveniently at the service of any area-sneak who might chance to pass by? Why? That is only a figure of speech. I asked no question about the matter; the idea was hardly well across my brain when my



legs were across the rails. In another moment I had crept in by the window; and chuckling at my own cleverness, and the great moral lesson I was about to teach, I was stuffing my pockets with the plate.

While thus engaged, the opening of a door in the hall above alarmed me; and afraid of the failure of my plan, I stepped lightly up the stair, which was partially lighted by the hall-lamp. As I was about to emerge at the top, a serving-girl was coming out of a room on the opposite side. She instantly retreated, shut the door with a bang, and I could hear a half-suppressed hysterical cry. I bounded on, sprang up the drawing-room stair, and entered the first door at a venture. All was dark, and I stopped for a moment to listen. Lights were hurrying across the hall; and I heard the rough voice of a man as if scolding and taunting some person. The girl had doubtless given the alarm, although her information must have been very indistinct; for when she saw me I was in the shadow of the stair, and she could have had little more than a vague impression that she beheld a human figure. However this may be, the man's voice appeared to descend the stair to the area-room, and presently I heard a crashing noise, not as if he was counting the plate, but rather thrusting it aside *en masse*. Then I heard the window closed, the shutters bolted, and an alarm-bell hung upon them, and the man reascended the stair, half scolding, half laughing at the girl's superstition. He took care, notwithstanding, to examine the fastenings of the street-door, and even to lock it, and put the key in his pocket. He then retired into a room, and all was silence.

I began to feel pretty considerably queer. The governor kept no male servant that I knew of, and had never done so. It was impossible he could have introduced this change



into his household without my being informed of it by sister Laura, whose letters where an exact chronicle of every thing, down to the health of the cat. This was puzzling. And now that I had time to think, the house was much too large for a family requiring only three sleeping-rooms even when I was at home. It was what is called a double house, with rooms on both sides of the hall; and the apartment on the threshold of which I was still lingering appeared, from the dim light of the windows, to be of very considerable size. I now recollected that the quantity of plate I had seen — a portion of which at this moment felt preternaturally heavy in my pockets — must have been three times greater than any the governor ever possessed, and that various pieces were of a size and massiveness I had never before seen in the establishment. In vain I be-thought myself that I had seen and recognized the well-known door plate, and that the area from which I entered was immediately under; in vain I argued that since Laura was about to be married, the extra quantity of plate might be intended to form a part of her *trousseau*: I could not convince myself. But the course of my thoughts suggested an idea, and pulling hastily from my pocket a table-spoon, I felt, for I could not see, the legend which contained my fate. But my fingers were tremulous: they seemed to have lost sensation — only I fancied I did feel something more than the governor's plain initials. There was still a light in the hall. If I could but bring that spoon within its illumination! All was silent; and I ventured to descend step after step — not as I had bounded up, but with the stealthy pace of a thief, and the plate growing heavier and heavier in my pocket. At length I was near enough to see, in spite of a dimness that had gathered over my eyes; and, with a sensation of absolute faintness, I beheld upon the



spoon an engraved crest — the red right hand of a baronet!

I crept back again, holding by the banisters fancying every now and then that I heard a door open behind me, and yet my feet no more consenting to quicken their motion than if I had been pursued by a murderer in the nightmare. I at length got into the room, groped for a chair, and sat down. No more hurry now. O no! There was plenty of time; and plenty to do in it, for I had to wipe away the perspiration that ran down my face in streams. What was to be done? What *had* I done? Oh, a trifle, a mere trifle. I had only sneaked into a gentleman's house by the area-window, and pocketed his table-spoons; and here I was, locked and barred and belled in, sitting very comfortably, in the dark and alone, in his drawing-room. Very particularly comfortable. What a capital fellow, to be sure! What an amusing personage! Would not the baronet laugh in the morning? Would not he ask me to stay breakfast? And would not I eat heartily out of the spoons I had stolen? But what name is that? Who calls me a housebreaker? Who gives me in charge? Who lugs me off by the neck? I will not stand it. I am innocent, except of breaking into a baronet's house. I am a gentleman, with another gentleman's spoons in my pocket. I claim the protection of the law. Police! police!

My brain was wandering. I pressed my hand upon my wet forehead, to keep down the thick coming fancies, and determined, for the first time in my life, to hold a deliberate consultation with myself. I was in an awkward predicament — it was impossible to deny the fact; but was there anything really serious in the case? I had unquestionably descended into the wrong area, the right-hand one instead of the left-hand one; but was I not as unquestionably the



relation — the distant relation — the very distant relation — of the next-door neighbour? I had been four years absent from his house, and was there any thing more natural than that I should desire to pay my next visit through a subterranean window? I had appropriated, it is true, a quantity of silver-plate I had found; but with what other intention could I have done this than to present it to my very distant relation's daughter, and reproach her with her carelessness in leaving it next door? Finally, I was snared, caged, trapped — door and window had been bolted upon me without any remonstrance on my part — and I was now some considerable time in the house, unsuspected, yet a prisoner. The position was serious; but come, suppose the worst, that I was actually laid hold of as a malefactor, and commanded to give an account of myself. Well: I was, as aforesaid, a distant relation of the individual next door. I belonged to nobody in the world, if not to him; I bore but an indifferent reputation in regard to steadiness; and after four year's absence in a foreign country, I had returned idle, penniless, and objectless — just in time to find an area-window open in the dusk of the evening, and a heap of plate lying behind it, within view of the street.

This self-examination was not encouraging; the case was decidedly queer; and as I sat thus pondering in the dark, with the spoon in my hand, I am quite sure that no malefactor in a dungeon could have envied my reflections. In fact, the evidence was so dead against me, that I began to doubt my own innocence. What was I here for if my intentions had really been honest? Why should I desire to come into any individual's area-window instead of the door? And how came it that all this silver-plate had found its way into my pockets? I was angry as well as terrified: I was judge and criminal in one; but the instincts of nature



got the better of my sense of justice, and I rose suddenly up, to ascertain whether it was not possible to get from the window into the street.

As I moved, however, the horrible booty I had in my pocket moved likewise, appearing to me to shriek, like a score of fiends, "Police! police!" and the next instant I heard a quick footstep ascending the stair. Now was the fateful moment come! I was on my feet; my eyes glared upon the door; my hands were clenched; the perspiration had dried suddenly upon my skin; and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. But the footstep, accompanied, by a gleam of light, passed — passed; and from very weakness I sat down again, with a dreadful indifference to the screams of the plate in my pockets. Presently there were more footsteps along the hall; then voices; then drawing of bolts and creaking of locks; then utter darkness, then silence — lasting, terrible, profound. The house had gone to bed; the house would quickly be asleep; it was time to be up and doing; but first and foremost, I must get rid of the plate. Without that hideous *corpus delicti*, I should have some chance. I must at all hazards creep down into the hall, find my way to the lower regions, and replace the accursed thing where I found it. It required nerve to attempt this; but I was thoroughly wound up; and after allowing a reasonable time to elapse, to give my enemies a fair opportunity of falling asleep, I set out upon the adventure. The door creaked as I went out; the plate grated against my very soul as I descended the steps; but slowly, stealthily, I crept along the wall; and at length found myself on the level floor. There was but one door on that side of the hall, the door which led to the area-room — I recollect the fact distinctly — and it was with inexpressible relief I reached it in safety, and grasped the knob in



my hand. The knob turned — but the door did not open; it was locked; it was my fate to be a thief; and after a moment of new dismay, I turned again doggedly, reached the stair, and reentered the apartment I had left.

It was like getting home. It was snug and private. I had a chair there waiting me. I thought to myself, that many a man would take a deal of trouble to break into such a house. I had only sneaked. I wondered how Jack Shepherd felt on such occasions. I had seen him at the Adelphi in the person of Mrs. Keeley, and a daring little dog he was. He would make nothing of getting down into the street from the window, spoons and all. I tried this: the shutters were not even closed, and the sash moving noiselessly, I had no difficulty in raising it. I stepped out into the balcony, and looked over. Nothing was to be seen but a black and yawning gulf beneath, guarded by the imaginary spikes of an invisible railing. Jack would have laughed at this difficulty; but then he had more experience in the craft than I, and was provided with all necessary appliances. As for me, I had stupidly forgotten even my coil of rope. The governor's house, I found, had either no balcony at all, or it was too far apart to be reached. Presently I heard a footstep on the *trottoir*, a little way off. It was approaching with slow and measured pace: the person was walking as calmly and gravely in the night as if it had been broad day. Suppose I hailed this philosophical stranger, and confided to him, in a friendly way, the fact that the baronet, without the slightest provocation, had locked me up in his house, with his silver spoons in my pocket? Perhaps he would advise me what to do in the predicament. Perhaps he would take the trouble of knocking at the door, or crying fire and when the servants opened, I might rush out, and so make my escape. But while I



was looking wistfully down to see if I could not discern the walking figure, which was now under the windows, a sudden glare from the spot dazzled my sight. It was the bull's-eye of a policeman; and with the instinct of a predatory character, I shrunk back trembling, crept into the room, and shut the window.

By this time I was sensible that there was a little confusion in my thoughts, and by way of employing them on practical and useful objects, I determined to make a tour of the room. But first it was necessary to get rid, somehow or other, of my plunder — to plant the property, as we call it; and with that view I laid it carefully, piece by piece, in the corner of a sofa, and concealed it with the cover. This was a great relief. I almost began to feel like the injured party — more like a captive than a robber; and I groped my way through the room, with a sort of vague idea that I might perhaps stumble upon some trap-door, or sliding-panel, which would lead into the open air, or, at worst, into a secret chamber, where I should be safe for any given number of years from my persecutors. But there was nothing of the kind in this stern, prosaic place: nothing but a few cabinets and tables, and couches, and arm-chairs, and common-chairs, and devotional-chairs; and foot-stools, and lamps, and statuettes, and glass-shades, and knick-knacks; and one elaborate girandole hung round with crystal prisms, which played such an interminable tune against each other when I chanced to move them, that I stumbled away as fast as I could, and subsided into a *fauteuil* so rich, so deep, that I felt myself swallowed up, as it were, in its pillows of swan's down.

How long I had been in the house by this time, I can not tell. It seemed to me, when I looked back, to form a considerable portion of a lifetime. Indeed, I did not very



well remember the more distant events of the night; although every now and then the fact occurred to me with startling distinctness, that all I had gone through was only preliminary to something still to happen; that the morning was to come, the family to be astir, and the housebreaker to be apprehended. My reflections were not continuous. It may be that I dozed between whiles. How else can I account for my feeling myself grasped by the throat, to the very brink of suffocation, by a hand without a body? How else can I account for sister Laura standing over me where I reclined, pointing to the stolen plate on the sofa, and lecturing me on my horrible propensities till she grew black in the face, and her voice rose to a wild unearthly scream which pierced through my brain?

When this fancy occurred, I started from my recumbent posture. A voice was actually in my ears, and a living form before my eyes: a lady stood contemplating me, with a half-scream on her lips, and the color fading from her cheek; and as I moved, she would have fallen to the ground, had I not sprung up and caught her in my arms. I laid her softly down in the *fauteuil*. It was the morning twilight. The silence was profound. The boundaries of the room were still dim and indistinct. Is it any wonder that I was in some considerable degree of perplexity as to whether I was not still in the land of dreams?

"Madam," said I, "if you are a vision, it is of no consequence; but if not, I want particularly to get out."

"Offer no injury," she replied in a tremulous voice, "and no one will molest you. Take what you have come for, and begone."

"That is sooner said than done. The doors and windows below are locked and bolted; and beneath those of this room the area is deep, and the spikes sharp. I assure you,



I have been in very considerable perplexity the whole of last night;" and drawing a chair, I sat down in front of her. Whether it was owing to this action, or to my complaining voice, or to the mere fact of her finding herself in a quiet tête-à-tête with a housebreaker, I can not tell; but the lady broke into a low hysterical laugh.

"How did you break in?" said she.

"I did not break in; it is far from being my character, I assure you. But the area-window was open, and so I just thought I would come in."

"You were attracted by the plate! Take it, for Heaven's sake, desperate man, and go away!"

"I did take some of it, but with no evil intention — only by way of amusement. Here it is;" and going to the sofa, I drew off the cover, and showed her the plate.

"You have been generous," said she, her voice getting quaverous again; "for the whole must have been in your power. I will let you out so softly that no one will know. Put up in your pockets what you have risked so much to possess, and follow me."

"I will follow you with pleasure," said I, "were it all the world over;" for the increasing light showed me as lovely a creature as the morning sun ever shone upon; "but as for the plunder, you must excuse me there: I never stole any thing before, and, please Heaven, I never will again!"

"Surely you are a most extraordinary person," said the young lady suddenly, for the light seemed to have made a revelation to her likewise: "you neither look nor talk like a robber."



“Nor am I. I am not even a robber — I am nothing; and have not property in the world to the value of these articles of plate.”

“Then if you are not a robber, why are you here? — why creep in at the area - window, appropriate other people’s spoons, and get locked up all night in their house?”

“For no other reason than that I was in a hurry. I had come home from Barcelona, and was going in to my guardian’s, next door, when your unfortunate area-window caught my eye, with the plate on the table inside. In an instant, I was over the rails and in through the window like a harlequin, with the intention of giving the family a pleasing surprise, and my old monitress, sister Laura, a great moral lesson on the impropriety of her leaving plate about in so careless a way.”

“Then you are Gerald, my dear Laura’s cousin, so longingly expected, so beloved by them all — so —” Here the young lady blushed celestial rosy red, and cast down her eyes. What these two girls could have been saying to each other about me, I never found out; but there was a secret, I will go to death upon it.

She let me out so quietly, that neither her father nor the servants ever knew a syllable about the matter. I need not say how I was received next door. The governor swept down another sob with another guffaw; mamma bestowed upon me another blessing and another kiss; and Laura was so rejoiced, that she gave me another hearty cry, and forgot to give me another lecture. My next four years were spent to more purpose than the last. Being less in a hurry, I took time to build up a flourishing business in partnership with Laura’s husband.



As for the baronet's daughter — for we must get every body into the concluding tableau — why there she is — that lady cutting bread and butter for the children, with as matronly an air as Werther's Charlotte: she is my wife; and we laugh to this day at the oddity of that First Interview which led to so happy a *dénouement*.

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## SCENES OF OTHER DAYS.

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BY MISS FRANCES J. CROSBY.

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Oh! for the joys of other times —  
The good old times of yore;  
Yet come they not as once they came —  
They sleep to wake no more.

The glittering halls of wealth and pride  
May charm with dazzling rays;  
But, ah! they cannot win the heart  
Like scenes of other days.

The cot, around whose rustic porch  
The rose and woodbine clung;  
The streamlet, where its drooping bough  
The pensive willow hung —

The little church, where sweetly rose  
The song of prayer and praise;  
Oh! these are scenes to memory dear —  
Bright scenes of other days.

The rugged hill we loved to climb  
In childhood's happy hours,  
To catch the acorns as they dropped,  
Or pluck the wild-wood flowers —



The reapers, as they gaily sang  
Their merry harvest lays,  
All cluster round our memory yet,  
And tell of other days.

There was a kind and gentle form  
That watched our footsteps then,  
And whispered words of holy love  
We may not hear again.

And when the sunset hues were lost  
Amid the valley fair,  
Then closely nestling by her side  
We said our evening prayer.

Go where we will, though steeped in guilt  
The heart by chance may be,  
Still there are moments when a prayer,  
Lisp'd on a mother's knee,

Will stay the wanderer's wayward course,  
And to his trembling gaze  
Bring back, in all their innocence,  
The scenes of other days.

Where are the friends of olden times,  
The generous and the true,  
That could our faults and virtues see —  
Reprove, yet love us, too?

Though friendship still around our path  
May pour its genial rays,  
We ne'er shall meet with hearts so warm  
As those of other days.

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## LINES, WRITTEN IN ITALY.

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BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

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Dear Lillian, all I wished is won!  
I sit beneath Italia's sun,  
Where olive-orchards gleam and quiver  
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel-leaves the dim green light  
Falls on my forehead as I write,  
And the sweet chimes of vespers, ringing,  
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold;  
The stirring memories of old  
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,  
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But as the radiant sunsets close  
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,  
My soul forgets the olden glory,  
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words in memory's ear outchime  
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;  
Thou standest here — the gentle-hearted —  
Amid the shades of bards departed!



Their garlands of immortal bay,  
I see before thee fade away,  
And turn from Petrarch's passion glances,  
To my own dearer heart romances!

The fair Italian dream I chased,  
A single thought of thee effaced;  
For the true clime of song and sun  
Lies in the heart which mine hath won.

End of Vol. II.









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Wigand, ...

Wigand's Pocket Miscellany

Bd.: 2

Goettingen 1853

P.o.angl. 559 f-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10751733-0